THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Vol. VI—No. 300. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28, 1827. Terms, $2 in advance.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 112 Chesnut street, corner of Hudson's Alley, between Third and Fourth streets, and two doors below the Post-Office—☞ Counting-Room on Hudson's alley.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

I view'd the grave—I saw it dark and deep;
I saw it shrouded in eternal gloom;
The portals of interminable sleep
Closed on the sullen chambers of the tomb.

And as I gazed, I shudder'd, for I thought
Of the dread hour of nature's struggling close,
Visions of horror to my mind were brought,
Pall'd o'er my memory and my heart's blood froze.

My sicken'd soul, with terror and dismay
Shrank back, recoiling from th' appaling sight
Of dissolution—dark obscurity—
The livid pathway of unceasing night.

"O, God!" I cried, "is this man's certain doom,
To sink to endless nothingness and death?
Shall no glad radiance burst upon the tomb?
No ray of hope illume his parting breath?

And shall that towering soul which but to day
So proudly mounts in dreamful bliss to soar,
Shall that exalted spirit thus decay,
And ere to-morrow's glimmering, be no more."

O, fairest! thou hast set my fancy free,
With the bright prospect of a world above;
Humbly to thee, I bow the grateful knee
With faith and hope, eternal in thy love.

MINSTREL OF MANAYUNK.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

Oh! superstition! scourge of human kind,
That rules thy votaries with unbounded sway:
Thy power to chain the senses, and the mind,
None can dispute, and few can disobey.
What are the charms, that ever round thee play,
That oft we find too strong to brook control,
That frights the brave, and saddens all the gay,
While fear doth o'er our senses swiftly roll,
Enchaining fast the tongue, and gains upon the soul.

There are a few who can thy power defy;
The number is comparatively small
To them that would into thy presence fly,
Who with thy nil, and loudly on thee call.
If but a wither'd leaf should chance to fall,
A victory over reason, thou can'st gain,
And hold the wretch within thy powerful thrall;
And does thy thraldom pleasure give, or pain?
They only find the latter 'neath thy chilling reign.

Dare ignorance only at thy altar kneel?
And are the sons of folly only thine?
No! those that deeply think, and inly feel,
Are bending lowly, at the crowded shrine:
And he that o'er the midnight lamp doth pine,
That views, by fancy's aid, the goblin quite:
That trips it o'er the lawn, in pale moon-shine,
Or sees the merry dance, at dead of night;
Then thou dost fill the heart, and steal his senses quite.

Great cause of war, let Spain thy horrors tell,
Let France thy great and mighty pow'r proclaim;
And England's voice, the chorus loud shall swell,
For each may shudder at thy dreadful name:
How many lose their lives in torturing flame,
How many pine in want, and on the tree,
Expos'd to scorn severe, and public shame,
Quit this sad life—and sink with infamy;
Ah, who can tell the evils caus'd alone by thee.

But let thy votaries once remove the veil
Which hides thy real features from the sight,
No more shall thou the wilder'd heart assail;
There's naught beneath that can enforce thy might,
Or seize the heart with terror or affright;
No more would men thy hated form revere,
Or grope within the darkness of the night,
Mark brighter objects come their minds to cheer,
Religion part—can silence every childish fear.

E. A. S.

AN APPEAL FOR THE NEGROES.

Can he not feel (tho' darker is his hue
Than that of white man,) as the white man feels?
Can he not love, and love with fervor too,
And taste enjoy when infant prank reveals
A growing mind!—and when his prattler kneels,
With half form'd syllables, the One on high
Protects; a thrill of rapture steals,
And sparkles brightly in the parent's eye,
Who reads in young devotion future purity.

Then if he feels as you feel—has a heart
As prone as yours to every the first binds
Man to his fellow—why inflict the smart
Of direst scourgings—or a state which grinds
The very soul of him who early finds
He has a frame as tender as your own?
Ah! often, often, his sad fate reminds
The ill used negro of his wife—alone—
Who has of soothers for her kin, alas!—not one.

If he offend ye, sin against the law,
Is he not punish'd with unfeeling ire?
And from his back the ruby drops ye draw,
And future watchfulness from him require.
And why not then, admit him to the high'r
Concerns of life, where he deserves to be?
Oh! I could wake tune compassion's lyre,
And paint his woes and unmeet misery,
If I could get one slave from noble freemen, free.

Shame on ye, boasted freemen—who pretend
The laws of God and Nature to obey;
Who swear to Virtue you will ever lend
Your whole protection—how beneath the sway
Of truth and principle—the only ray
To light men—freemen on—no, ye are bound
By your own love of gold—ye still betray
The hapless negro—still is heard the sound
Of the poor Afric's woes, far echoing around.

If ye would wish to brighten up your fame,
Which now is sinking 'neath derision's blast,
And then appear with an unsullied name,
That none could scandal, satire on it cast,
But all exclaim at, honour the contrast;
Proclaim him free!—yes, let the Negro rave
Untrammel'd and unchained—your nation vast,
Will to the world, *then* honourably prove,
That freedom ye uphold, her ev'ry accent, love.

CIREX.

TO A SISTER.

Misfortunes chill and iron hand,
Hath, Mary, pressed us down;
Yet still there is a "better land,"
The land to which hath flown
The spirit of your parent dear,
Who to his anxious breast,
Oft with a father's love and care
Our childish forms hath pressed;
And closed our little hands in his, and there
Taught us to raise to God our infant prayer.

Yes, Mary, fate's chill, darkening cloud,
The brightness of our day
Hath shadowed o'er; and that abode
Is lost—where 'neath the sway
Of him we lov'd, we felt secure;
So blest that heaven above,
Alone can give joys calm and pure
As those fate rob'd us of;
They were as pure and tranquil, aye even
As Heaven itself—for 'twas our heaven.

Now! though we meet with frowns and scowls,
Yet *while we hope*, that we
Deserve that resting place of souls,
That blest Eternity:
We need not fear the world's disdain,
Nor cringe beneath its nod,
Proud man's oppressive pow'r is vain!
Protected by our God,
What need we fear? while we his law fulfil
He'll be to fatherless—a father still.

O. B.

ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WALTER FORREST,

OR THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF PERKIOMEN.

When the early darkness of a winter evening has gathered round, and the spirit of the storm is pouring abroad his fury over the earth, I love to join the friendly circle at the cheerful hearth, and listen to the tales of former times. There is much in the annals of our country to awaken even the dullest soul, and many a tale that is told by the evening fire side is not inferior in point of interest to those that shed their fascinations over the pages of romance. It was at such an hour, and amid such a circle that the history of the young soldier of Perkiomen was related. Walter Forrest and Agnes Peters had grown up side by side like two young trees planted together, and as they will intertwine their branches, so had the hearts of the youth and maiden been mingled even from infancy. The parents of both were widowers, and resided on adjacent farms near the Perkiomen. Their rank in life was nearly the same, but in character they were widely different.—William Forrest was the youngest son of an English gentleman, in rather limited circumstances, and as he could not hope for support from his father, immediately after his marriage he had emigrated to Pennsylvania, and settled at Perkiomen; where in the station of a farmer, he had attained a competency and even wealth—but he was not exempted from the ills attendant on mortality. The death of Mrs. Forrest, which took place before his youngest son, Walter, had attained his sixth year, threw an immoveable blight upon the felicity which he till then enjoyed—and some years afterwards, a dimness of sight, with which he had long been affected, terminated in total blindness—but his character remained the same, and even in his darkness, his amiable qualities and cheerful disposition drew round him many a friendly circle of the old and young—and throughout the country, no name was more respected than that of Mr. Forrest.

Mr. Peters, was also an Englishman, but his character was quite the reverse of Forrest's. The incidents of his early life had given a tinge of stern melancholy to his disposition, almost approaching to misanthropy, and on the death of his wife, whom he had passionately loved, he determined to bury himself and his sorrows in the wilds of America, where he lived in a state of almost monastic seclusion, excepting occasional intercourse with William Forrest.

Often were the soft silvery tones of the laughing voice of little Agnes heard in the dwelling of Walter Forrest, who was but two years her senior, and from the difference of age as well as disposition between his brother and himself, she soon became his only playmate. Nor as they advanced from infancy to childhood was the friendship broken that had twined itself round their young hearts—their pursuits, their amusements were still the same, and even the moody humour of Mr. Peters was softened in favour of Walter Forrest. In whatever instructions Agnes received from her father, Walter participated, and in all his studies she became a partner. To Mr. Forrest she was as a daughter, and after he became blind, often did she set for hours together by his side, reading or warbling in his ear the ballads with which her memory was stored—then pausing to stroke back his silvery hair, she would throw her arms round his neck and cover his face with her affectionate kisses—at other times she would lead him out to the open air to enjoy the fragrance of spring, the singing of the birds and the calm sunshine, or guide him to the residence of her father, and there leaving him, bound off to meet Walter on his return to his dwelling, or to share the occupation that detained him. There was not a spot of green wood, nor a hill, nor dale, for several miles round, that they had not trodden together, and of which they did not know the shady coverts and secret recesses—amidst the morning dew, at noontide, and in the evening twilight, they were together bounding over the green hills, sketching the distant prospect, or seated on the banks of the Perkiomen, imparting to each other their different branches of knowledge, or telling their early tale of impassioned fondness.

Thus years rolled on till youth succeeded infancy and childhood. At the age of eighteen, the person of Walter was tall and manly, and with the expressive dark eye that sheds a bright glow of intelligence over his open animated countenance, and the thick black curls that shaded his high forehead, he might be considered eminently handsome. Agnes had bright laughing blue eyes, and neither the beams of the sun, nor the breezes that wantoned among the clustering ringlets of her glossy brown hair, had been able to deprive her polished brow of its ivory tint—the glow of health was on her cheek, and here were

"The ruby lip, the dimpled chin,
The bosom fair and pure within."

It need not be said that they loved, they could not have done otherwise—and their marriage was only delayed, until Walter should reach his twenty-first year.

Hitherto their lives had been past in almost unruffled happiness, but twelve months again rolled round, the war of the revolution came like an evil planet, and cast a withering blight upon their hopes. Patriotism was a master passion in the soul of Walter Forrest, and in the inexpressible swelling of a youthful spirit, with the sanction of his father, he volunteered his services in the cause of his country—his offer was accepted, and with a swelling heart he prepared to fill the station of a captain in the American army. The parting of the lovers cannot be described, but the hope of fame sustained the spirits of Walter, while Agnes retired to shed almost her first tears of sorrow.

Mr. Peters did not openly espouse the cause of either party, but his prejudices were secretly in favor of the English, and from the time of Walter's departure, he withdrew himself more than formerly from the society of Forrest. At length ambition obtained the mastery, and removing his daughter to Philadelphia, which was at that time occupied by the British, he openly appeared in the character of an officer of the crown.

Captain Forrest still remained ignorant of this occurrence, when a foraging party of which he had the command, chanced to encounter a part of Col. Peters', and a conflict ensued. The resemblance of their leader to the father of Agnes, immediately arrested the attention of the young warrior, but he banished the idea, until chance threw them together, and the truth flashed with agonizing certainty upon his mind—for a moment he recoiled, but he could not pause in the path of duty, and he dashed forward into the thickest of the battle—"On, on, my brave boys," cried he in the energy of despair, and the next instant the sword of Col. Peters was flourished above his head, "Traitor! Rebel!" exclaimed he, but Walter with a shudder of horror, turned from the combat—for he could not raise his arm against the father of Agnes—his brain reeled, the scene swam before him indistinct and dim, and almost at the same moment, a ball entered his bosom, and he fell to the earth bleeding and insensible.

When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a strange apartment, and learned that he had been taken prisoner and carried to Philadelphia, where he had remained for several days in a state of delirium. He anxiously enquired for Col. Peters, and for Agnes; but without being able to obtain any satisfactory intelligence of the latter. Col. Peters, he was informed, had called frequently during his illness, and had expressed much satisfaction that morning on learning that his fever had abated.

It was not without chagrin that Walter received information that he had thus lost the opportunity of an interview with the colonel, especially as he was about to leave the city, and the length of his absence would be uncertain. From his family he could obtain no tidings, and the anxiety of his mind considerably impeded his recovery, which, however, was slowly progressing. His total ignorance respecting all who were dear to him was inexpressibly painful, yet it was not without mingled sensations, that on his return from a short ramble, on the first day he had quitted the house, he found Col. Peters seated in his apartment. "I am happy sir," said he with a sarcastic smile, "that you have so far recovered from the effects of your rebellious spirit."

Walter coloured, but without noticing his speech, anxiously enquired for Agnes.

"Walter Forrest," answered he, in an altered tone, "to you Agnes Peters is no more; to-morrow her hand will be given to another and you must learn to forget her."

So saying, he placed a sealed packet in the hands of Walter, and left him stupified with anguish. Almost mechanically he unfolded and glanced his eyes over the pages of the epistle which Peters had given him, but he was soon painfully awakened by its contents. His brother, notwithstanding the entreaties, and even commands of his father, had joined the British army, and had fallen in the first of his battles—and his father, he whom Walter had devotedly loved, and whose memory seemed like a guardian spirit to hover round his heart—that parent was no more—he had gone down to the grave with a broken heart. The frame of Walter was too weak to bear this accumulated weight of wretchedness, and with a groan of agony he fell senseless upon the floor. During the night his fever returned with redoubled violence, and for some weeks he remained insensible to his misery. However, his disease at length yielded to the power of medicine, and he once more slowly recovered. An exchange of prisoners had been effected, by which he was once more restored to liberty, and when his health permitted he again joined the army. He did not dare to visit the scenes of his childhood, for it seemed as if they were haunted by the ghost of his departed happiness—he was wretched—miserable—he felt that in the wide world he was alone—that there was none to love him—none whom he might love—he dared not trust himself to think on Agnes, not even to murmur her name in the secret recesses of his heart. He beheld others around him smiling and happy—but there was not one hope left on earth to soothe the bitterness of his spirit, and he had no wish but to offer up his life on the altar of his country's liberty—he rushed into the wildest of the battle; but it seemed as if his very wretchedness had given him a "charmed life"—swords flashed harmlessly above his head, and the bayonet entered not his bosom. But the heart cannot live in utter hopelessness, and time dulled the poignancy of his feelings, while the spirit of patriotism kindled once more within his bosom.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his father, when Walter was one day summoned to the couch of a British officer, who was a prisoner, and supposed to be mortally wounded. He instantly complied, and repaired to the bedside of the dying man. Life was on the verge of departing—the cold dews of death were already on his forehead—and Walter gazed for some moments on the hollow cheek and heavy glazed eyes before he recognized the altered form of Col. Peters. Any animosity that he might have entertained towards the destroyer of his happiness, was at that instant extinguished in the bosom of Walter, who, clasping the cold hand which the Colonel extended towards him, burst into tears. Peters feebly pressed the hand of his young friend, and a flush of shame coloured his pale cheek, as he entreated the pardon of Walter, and requested him to be the protector of his child, when her father should be no more. Walter's heart beat violently, and he almost gasped for breath while the words he would have spoken, died away in inarticulate murmurs from his lips. "I have rendered you both unhappy," continued the Colonel, "for Agnes never loved other than you—a sudden illness delayed her union with the man for whom I had intended her, and his subsequent death prevented it forever. Therefore if your heart remains unchanged, she may yet be yours." A stifled sob from Agnes, who, with her face concealed amid the covering of the bed, had been silently weeping, unnoticed by Walter, at this instant attracted his attention, and the next moment she was in his arms. A faint smile illumined the countenance of the dying warrior, and pressing his daughter once more to his heart, he breathed a few words of blessing, and expired on the bosom of the young soldier of Perkiomen.

GERTRUDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON THE MIND.

OF FEAR AND JOY.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passion into peace.—*Carter.*

The astonishing power which the mind exerts over the corporeal system, the mysterious union of spirit and matter, and the manner in which they reciprocally act upon each other, are secrets which the Deity has never yet communicated to man, and which, perhaps, we shall never know, until "immortality is swallowed up in life." There have been many conjectures respecting the seat of the soul. Descartes was fully persuaded that its habitation is the pineal gland, which has never been discovered to be of any equal service to the brain; but it would be more rational to conclude, that it pervades the whole system in the same manner, comparatively, that fire pervades the universe. But then, in amputating a limb, you would destroy a part of the soul? That may be easily refuted: a bar of iron, ten feet long, when struck with a hard substance produces fire, and when that bar is divided the one half will, when struck, be found to contain an equal quantity of caloric. But to the subject, which is the consideration of the power of the passions when acting on the human body.

The learned Dr. Johnson, than whom there can be no better authority, has said, that the passion of fear is essentially necessary to the human mind; inasmuch as it points out the dangers which surround the body, and gives timely notice to escape. The symptoms of fear are so familiar to every person, that it is needless to enumerate them here, any further than to observe that fear generally arises, in its strongest forms, in weak nervous systems; such as those of delicate females. However, this hypothesis is not always exempt from exception; for we read of the heroic exploits of females as well as of men; among whom we find Philippa, the brave queen of Edward III., who defeated the Scots at the time they invaded England, and led their sovereign, David II., prisoner to London. We are also informed, that the Amazonian queen carried succours to the Trojans in the time of the Trojan war; and Pliny says, she invented the battle-axe. Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, celebrated in history, is said to have relieved Orleans by driving the English; and by deserting Talbot, at the battle of Patai, to have recovered Champaigne. She was burnt at the stake, for a witch, about the middle of the fifteenth century, for pretending to inspiration from heaven. These are exceptions to the general rule of finding fear in the delicate constitution.

Fear may be excited by many causes, a few of which I shall mention. The fear of dead bodies, with the exception of physicians, is almost universal. I can well remember my feelings on first entering a dissecting room, where there were ten dead bodies. Ghosts and witches are fruitful sources of fear. I have seen a man who never permitted a horse-shoe to be torn from his door, as he said it prevented the entrance of the witches. Death is the cause of fear to many persons, and I know of but one specific remedy, which is religion. This alone will soothe the cares of the approach of death, and mitigate the pangs of a dying moment. The venerable Dr. Johnson, before quoted, declared in the wane of life, that the prospect of death was terrible; but we are informed by Dr. Rush, that General Miranda, and the Marquis de Chatelet, while confined in Paris, and every day expecting to be led to the guillotine, prevented the fear of death by reading interesting books constantly, and never permitting the inclosure to speak of their expected fate. The circumstance was related to the doctor by General Miranda, in his visit afterwards to Philadelphia. The fear of death is often more terrible than death itself; for Voltaire tells us that Louis the fourteenth said, "It is not so difficult a thing to die as I expected." We are informed that the celebrated John Hunter subdued the fear of speaking in public by taking opium, but it cannot be recommended, for it too often ends in a confirmed habit. There are many persons alarmed at the idea of venturing upon waters; and history furnishes an instance in Peter the Great, of Muscovy, who was born with a dread of that element, but which was relieved by subjecting himself to the mercy of the waves, which frequently produced fainting, until finally he crossed seas for the benefit of his country, by introducing many important arts.

The excess of fear has often ended in death, but at present I do not recollect any authenticated incidents to bring forward as testimonies. The excess of fear has occasioned a falling off of the hair of the head, as related by Dr. Rush, of a gentleman who witnessed the great earthquake at Lisbon, in the year of seventeen hundred and fifty-five. It has also occasioned the erection of the hair perpendicularly, which may be found elegantly described by Virgil and Shakspeare. I recollect to have entered the University at night, and on going up the dark flight of stairs, where no lamp was permitted to be kept, I put my hand suddenly on the cold face of a dead carcase. Before reason could give her impulse, I distinctly felt my hair elevate my hat. But the most singular phenomena in the effects of this passion, are the sudden changes in the colour of the hair to grey and white. There is a case recorded in the Duke of Sully's memoirs, in the following words.—"Henry the IV. told the Marquis de la Force, that the moment he was informed Henry III. had published an edict, (in July, 1585,) ordering all the Huguenots either to go to mass, or to abandon the kingdom in six months, his mustaches turned suddenly white on that side of his face which he supported with his hand." Mr. Wesley gives an account of a nobleman in Germany, who had received the sentence of death, and whose execution was to take place the next day; in the course of the night previous, fear operated so powerfully on him, that his hair was turned perfectly white; the emperor was informed of the circumstance, and said, "as he has suffered enough," upon which he was pardoned. A gentleman of veracity once informed me of a similar circumstance which took place in the East Indies, where the hair turned grey. A certain author, whom I do not recollect, recites the case of an Englishman being wrecked at sea, and who saved himself on a very small rock, surrounded by the ocean. He was taken off by a boat several hours after, and his hair was found "quite white." It is almost incredible that fear should operate so powerfully on the human system; but the fact is substantiated by good authority. The reason why fear does not have this effect in all cases, is that death supervenes before the system can be so powerfully acted upon; which proves that man suffers more than death in fearing it.

Joy cannot be mistaken, for it sparkles in the eye, flashes on the cheek, smiles on the lip, and ocellerates its happiness from the tongue, while the heart palpitates with unusual sensations, peculiarly fascinating to the mind of sensibility. The affections, which were dormant, are aroused in all their warmth of enthusiasm, and the whole intellectual calmness appears to be illuminated with a profusion of the most brilliant and vivacious ideas. Nothing is more grateful to the heart than joy, and there is no balm in life equal to its influence, whether it arise from celestial or terrestrial causes. Man, without occasional periods of joy, would be far less happy, because this joy exists before it all those pleasing and endearing emotions of anticipation. Hence Horace has said,—"Pleasure goes before you, but keeps her retinue out of sight;" and M. de la Rochefoucault observes, "that it carries on an agreeable road through life." The pleasures arising from anticipation, are, to joy, what the rays of light and heat are to the sun. Laughter is one of the most prominent features of joy, and is peculiar to none but the human family. A French writer observes, that laughter is the ensign of joy, and frequently the trumpet of folly. This observation appears to savour of the truth; for we find that the wisest men seldom laugh, and Goldsmith says, the loud laugh speaks the vacant mind.

But joy, when indulged to excess, is sometimes as fatal to human life as the deadly passion of grief. To substantiate and corroborate this fact, I might adduce a variety of instances; but at present I shall only produce a few of the best authenticated, by way of satisfaction to the mind not easy of belief. It is said, by respectable authority, that the son of the celebrated Leibnitz opened an old chest in his possession, which he had never looked into, and found, to his utmost astonishment, a vast quantity of gold; his joy, on this occasion, arose to such an immoderate height, that he died in a very short time. The Italian historian, Guicciardini, informs us, that Pope Leo X. died of a fever on hearing the news of the capture of Milan, so great was his joy on knowing that a calamity had befallen France, which he had long desired. There is a circumstance recorded which almost every American has heard, and which runs as follows:—In the time of the great struggle between the United States and Great Britain, the news was carried to Congress of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and all his troops: this animating intelligence had so great an effect on the patriotic mind of the door-keeper of Congress, that he fell dead with apoplexy, occasioned by his excessive joy—there are persons, perhaps, in Philadelphia, who remember the circumstance. Mr. Hume mentions several who died from a similar cause, at the time of the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England. Livy makes mention of an old lady, who was in great distress from having heard the awful intelligence of her son having been slain in battle, but whose joy was so extravagant, on his safe return, that she died in his arms. Pliny records the circumstance of Chilo, the Lacedemonian, who expired in triumphant joy, on hearing the animating intelligence that his son had gained the prize at the Olympic games. Valerius Maximus recites a similar circumstance, as it respects the fatal cause of Sophocles, whose life paid the forfeit of the extravagant joy which he felt on having a contest of honour decided in his favour; it occasioned his death almost immediately. Aulus Gellius records a very singular instance of the fatal effect of extravagant joy: it is respecting one Diagora, the father of three sons, each of which received a crown of victory on the same day; the first as a pugilist, the second as a wrestler, and the third a crown in the capacity of both his brothers—through the vast multitude of applauding spectators, the father was carried on the shoulders of his sons, whose path was strewed with flowers; but amid the numerous concourse, who applauded his glory in having such noble sons, he died in their embraces. One more proof I shall mention of the powerful effect of the higher grades of joy. In the reign of Henry VIII., a nobleman, who had been sentenced to death, received his pardon unexpectedly a few hours before the time appointed for his execution, which so transported him that he died immediately the victim of joy. Many more such instances might be adduced to prove the influence of this passion on the corporeal system, but the above will suffice. The communication of joyful tidings is, says Dr. Cogan, "like a stroke of electricity, indiscreetly directed, the violent perception has probably produced a paralysis of the heart, by the excess of its stimulus."

The higher grade of joy is not, perhaps, more fatal than that of laughter. There is a story mentioned by Valerius Maximus, of one Philemon, a very jocular lad, who ordered some figs to be brought and given to an ass; he was highly diverted to see the animal eat them, and he ordered some wine to be brought and poured down his throat, that the figs might be prevented from giving him the colic: this sight excited his risible emotions so high, that he died immediately on the spot. There is another incident which I will relate, and which is recorded by Curius Hodegious, of Xenxis, a painter of great celebrity, who painted an old woman in a ludicrous posture, at the sight of which his levity was so great that death alone could put an end to it. I know of no manner of dying more ridiculous than that of laughing, for we behold few leave the world without leaving behind a sigh and a tear.

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO-MORROW.

"——The deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains."
Cowper.

To-morrow, what is to-morrow? those fugitive hours laden with the unsealed packets of time, hasting onward to chaos. That portentuous epoch to the sons and daughters of men, which builds and rebuilds, with such rapid succession on the quicksands of its predecessor. As a book unfolded and perused leaf by leaf, so the hand of time unfurls by to-morrow, the life of man; the incidents of futurity remain concealed to mortal eyes, as the unrevealed pages obscure the ensuing events of the tale, until the volume speaks its final page and defines the whole.

'Tis finished, and its space soon occupied by another yet unread; on the capacious ledge of time 'tis lodged with myriads of a similar fate, whose pages we refer to only as we have been impressed with an admiration of its intrinsic merits, the beautiful and sublime truths which its precepts enforce with such a pleasing model, or the hateful mein of vice, and her rewards depicted there, or if devoid of each interest, neglected he to pass into oblivion. To-morrow! who has marked the era of its existence; or who has measured the extent of its flight into futurity? Springing from infinity, beyond the limits of thought, it headlong urged its downward way, authorizing in its ephemeral existence alike the amendments and devastations of time. The grandest and most stupendous structures of human art, have commenced with its sanction—yet no sooner beheld the fabric upraised, which persevering ingenuity had accomplished with such proud triumph, than as the stroke of the woodman's axe to the tree, it recurs again and again with invincible perseverance, until that which seemed at first but a slight invasion, redoubles its strength at each succeeding blow, till one final effort hurls it to irretrievable ruin. Fit subject to amuse the thinking mind, and emblem apt of mortal honours. Its stately columns yielding to the blast, whilst all unaided by that firm cement which shattered by to-morrow's stout relapse has gone before like the able artificer, whose nimble fingers plied the massive pile. The sage repairs to its desolate haunt to learn of wisdom in its desert halls; the tourist feels him amply compensated for his wearied travels, if but some dimensions of its vast fragments, and yet vaster basis, grace the journal of his wanderings; and genius seeks amid the ruins of its former dignities, to interland her tale of fiction, and give imagination scope to wander back to days when colossal edifices like those were reared. For here, perhaps, even self-sufficient tradition's superabundant store of knowing things, have failed her; memory has strained her stoutest nerve, and legends have been ransacked in vain, to develope its original intent. Idle wish! another, and another morrow, has shrouded it in mystery, and wafted it into immensity.—Who amongst us can look back on the sweet scenes of his childhood, without a throb of delight, and thrill of anguish, when all was happy anticipation, and the pleasures of the future were twined with the joys of the moment; where has fled the endearing fireside of our infant days, ere we had learned to have one straying wish beyond the immediate circle of our infantry; to-morrow has stolen it imperceptibly from us, it has gone we scarcely know how or wither, yet cherished still and even in our dreams, with fond enthusiasm recount the sprightly mirth of many a winter evening.

We seem, by retrospection, to have trodden backwards on the stage of life; exchanging with the honoured guardians of our youth, our sportive airs for manners grave, and sober cares; whilst round us rise the fascinating little group, whose playful gaiety and fond devotion we were wont to occupy. How evanescent the period! yet in that brief space has fled ties which have bound us, joys which have gladdened us, friends dear as existence, to unite no more. We count on the morrow as all our own, looking to it with confidence for the completion of our most sanguine wishes; unheedful that to-morrow's dawn may prove to us the sleep of death. The brave young warrior, replete with the flush of ardent expectation, sees already in perspective his pathway strewed with laurel, and awaits to-morrow's coming with all the fervor of a youthful mind; inured amid the scenes of strife and bloodshed, familiar with danger, he refers not to the idea, but the events of to-morrow who can know? that persevering and impetuous spirit where was it when the morrow's trumpet blew its closing blast, spreading far and wide, tidings of the battle lost or won;—sunk, perhaps, to quiet rest, unconscious and uncaring of the issue, which but that morning sun had found him waiting with such anxious feeling. It may be that he fell on the bed of glory, in the company of heroes; but can that consideration rob the deep death-wound of its anguish, or administer consolation to that never dying part within us.

The patient suffering slave looks forward to the morrow which shall emancipate his frame, and loose his ignoble fetters, when in the simplicity of his uneducated nature, he sees himself united to those loved ones of his native land, whom memory gives full many a tear of bitter anguish. Likewise, the stern oppressor and inflicter of his wrongs and woes, who in his splendid carriage lolls at ease, and with complacence views his extended lands, the hard earned boon of Afric's suffering sons, must realize a morrow which shall deal alike to him and to his slave, an equal space of earth.

Land of christians and of freemen! proud oppression's mortal foe; alike cradle and tomb of liberty!—well might the American boast his native title, were it not for that foul blot upon his nation's honour. "All men are born free," said our wise legislators, and offered up at the shrine of liberty their lives and properties to substantiate the claim.

This article of our faith for a time drenched our fields with blood, and gave the sword its energy; which sacrificed in turn, youth, innocence and talent; the only stay and solace of many a fond and aged parent, the hope and admiration of the wise and good. Nor hoary locks, nor sage experience, proved a shield;—destruction seemed inevitable, while the general carnage raged on every side. Our fairest and most essential specimens of husbandry laid waste; houses ransacked and buried, massacres and assassinations, and all the horrors concomitant on such mortal strife. Could it occur to the mind of humanity, that on this very spot of earth, the chosen motto of whose inhabitants, was "death or liberty," and who "fought and bled and nobly conquered," should, forgetful of the blessings, authorize "chains and slavery" on a devoted people within their very habitations; thus sullying the identical cause for which they had made such ample sacrifices, and tarnishing the lustre of their glory. Nauseous and offensive heap! how rank thou smellest; thou taint'st the very gale, which with shy vapour first to heaven ascends, on that same day which we as a people, thankful for the combined blessing of liberty, and independence, meet to offer up our annual sacrifice. To-morrow! who can lengthen out its span? never was its limits extended since creation rose from chaos, save once, and even then at the bidding of the most high. Unawed by mortal power, uncircumvented by the wily machinations of man, it holds unbiassed its unerring away, and dwindles into nothing. When pleasure's gay brilliancy dazzles our senses, and intoxicates with its influence, how fleetly the morrow glides along, and but a moment seems elapsed from dawn to departure; yet how hardily moves the cumbrous morrow, when we reverse the scene, to saddened hearts, oppressed with grief, to the exquisitely painful pangs of blighted and warmly fostered hopes, the restless couch of long protracted illness, and filial fondness, brightest expectations mildewed and fading in the very budding.

These, indeed, are tests of stoicism; and seemingly protract the measured periods far beyond its natal precincts, and make us feel as though a charm had never waited at its

PRIZE ESSAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO-MORROW.

"——The deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains."
Cowper.

To-morrow, what is to-morrow? those fugitive hours laden with the unsealed packets of time, hasting onward to chaos. That portentuous epoch to the sons and daughters of men, which builds and rebuilds, with such rapid succession on the quicksands of its predecessor. As a book unfolded and perused leaf by leaf, so the hand of time unfurls by to-morrow, the life of man; the incidents of futurity remain concealed to mortal eyes, as the unrevealed pages obscure the ensuing events of the tale, until the volume speaks its final page and defines the whole.

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bid-ding. The romance of the mind is broken, pleasures fascinating allurements have vanished as at a signal; and her chains fell impotent where her fetters seemed the firmest. The lily on her pathway is soiled, and its flour has passed with the gale. Joys which have enchanted like the track of a meteor, have burst like that luminary into countless atoms, which no artifice of man can reunite, no future morrow re-illume.

By a faithful recurrence to the dread haunts of superstition, it has burst asunder her ancient barrier, overthrown her altars, and debased her gods.

Quenching in its progress the zeal of her idolators, and robbing her breath of its pestilential vapour, penetrating the dense gloom of her drear abodes, and dispelling their mists with a decided firmness, its repeated dawn has by degrees moulded in vivid and splendid elegance, populous and flourishing cities in this once obscure region. Neat, bustling, and business-doing villages rise up on that same soil, where but a transient flight of morrow's past, an ancient forest waved its verdant and exuberant foliage to the summer breeze, and scattered unheeded, on the autumnal blast, its golden vesture. The mighty waters too, yielding obedience to the hand of man, lead on to greet these new-risen means; fields and meadows, crowned with their abundant harvest, join the scenes, enhancing all its interest. Art, science, and civilization have arisen in eminent purity, where once the simple Indian, primitive and unlettered owner of the soil, held his way by bye-paths through the forest gloom, or chieftain of his clan, o'er trackless mountains led in war, or chase, his brave and indefatigable tribe. Such sudden transitions of nature, from grave to gay, might well befit, and seem to man's perception, a fairy vision of the golden age. But magic had no hand in this; it was that power Omnipotent, whose providence every wise man acknowledges, which hails this wilderness "bloom and blossom like the rose," and framed with liberal hand this land of bounteous blessings; ceding it to the oppressed of every nation, and of every tongue, a safe retreat from persecuting power. But man, sordid man, perverting the all-wise decree, ordained that one alone of all the nations 'neath the sun, should wear oppression's galling chain e'en here. Long had His chosen people been a theme for bitter persecution, and long had the unmurmuring peasant toiled in vain, to fill the purse of his rapacious lord, ere freedom's home uprose beyond the seas, obsequious to its maker's call, restoring conscience to her ancient rights, and acknowledging her mandate as a thing too holy for mortal tongue to gainsay. Here virtue, industry and economy, enjoy the reward of their own individual exertions; here wholesome order reigns, and all things conducive to the happiness and prosperity of man, here plenteously abide; a land, indeed, "flowing with milk and honey," whose abundant store we daily draw from, whose rich blessings we daily enjoy, and count them all our own, forgetful that he whose nod the universe obeys rules likewise here; that he whose potent hand bestowed this token of his peculiar regard, maintains its sovereignty, and can with undiminished power beckon it back to chaos. Babylon, the great and mighty Babylon, has had her fall; Rome too, proud mistress of the universe, has realized her day of splendour, and passed into obscurity; and may not some future morrow dedicated to posterity, unfold the tale of Columbia's departing greatness. "Verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth," demanding at our hands, those sacrifices which avarice denies. "He whose tender mercies are over all his works," has not in vain heard the pious ejaculation of the wandering and destitute Indian to the Great Spirit, to shield him from the subtility of the red man, whose art has robbed him of his dearest inheritance, his native woods and wilds; whose pernicious vices, and whose thirst for gold, daily hasten his manly and persecuted race to annihilation. Nor has the agonizing groan, and imploring eye of the suffering African, expiring under the repeated lashings of the relentless tyrant, been viewed regardlessly; nor yet o'erlooked the horrors of the main, which none but a God can paint, which none but a fiend inflict. And will not he whose voice the winds and waves obey, and whose eye commands the day-spring from on high; call into existence the morrow which shall retribute their wrongs. ALTAMIRA.

From the Charleston City Gazette.

THE BOSTON BARD.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.—*Shakspeare.*

Although the present era may in some wise be termed the age of gold, it may in an opposite, and perhaps more correct, medium, be considered the age of iron. The Roman talent is now, not only an universal passport, but a kind of magic talisman that leaves no one at a loss for words, provided his accredited interpreter be present. But the Roman or golden talent, differs essentially from that talent which belongs only to the mint of genius; that beautiful, that solitary coin, which is seldom current.

How sad is the perspective, how gloomy the past and present scenes which belong to, or indeed which constitute what we term *this world*; its homage encumbers the portions of aspiring grasp, its array is marshalled where numbers are not in requisition, much is offered where nothing is required, the rich minister to the rich, the prodigal to the prodigal, the voluptuous to the voluptuous, and in the pageant circle of fashionable heartlessness, that being leads the throng who either invents or supports some novel claims upon the artificial or pampered craving of his co-mates in gold. Armour is given to the warrior, who is already secure in ponderous safety, while the unharnessed bosom of misfortune is left to contend with fate single handed, to turn aside her poisoned arrows, to buffet her bitter waters, and to be abandoned to the mildews of neglected poverty.

Yea—the picture of the world is gloomy and obscure, for even the mute witnesses of nature's changes are evidences of that prevailing law to which we have alluded; a law which covers the man of ermine with more ermine, while it denies aid to desolation and distress. Go to the forest—behold the leaves and the blossoms, do they not shelter their mother in the balmy spring and genial summer! They almost shield her from the dew, or they daily so gently with that beautiful spirit, that the silent stars, like an enchanted audience, seem gazing with delight on the tremulous drama beneath them. But lo! when winter appears in his panoply of storms, the blighted parent is deserted, and all her embrosial raiment is no more.

These reflections are elicited by the perusal of "Bryan's Appeal" for the benefit of the "Boston Bard;" and did we require any evidence of the poetry of Mr. Bryan's heart, it is furnished not only by this charming Appeal, but by his whole temperament, for it belongs to minstrelsy and generosity, and ——more.

If when we commenced these remarks the picture of this world was defaced by gloom or obscured by shadows, if joy was lost in the cold metaphysical analysis, if the scale of selfishness preponderated, we are obliged to make a single exception, and to offer this Poet, who assists his solitary brother, the evidence of our unqualified applause.

Having premised the above, we shall proceed to make a few extracts from Mr. Bryan's production, at the same time that we express the opinion that he is destined (should he assiduously court the muse and apply his leisure to the study of our best writers ancient and modern) to become a star of the first magnitude, in the poetical firmament of his country. There is so much sympathy between his head and heart, so much enthusiasm evinced in his career, that it *must* terminate in light—ethereal light.

The following quotation applies to us all—that man lays a "flattering unction to his heart" who conceives himself beyond the pale of its gifted interrogations.

"Mark well thy heart—are there no hidden thoughts
Which would the cheek with burning blushes stain
If here proclaimed thy secret actions scan—
And, say—are none of these steeped in crime,
So incongenial with thy public walk—
With that fair guise of purity thou wearest—
That they would make thee hide thy head with shame,
If in the open eye of day exposed,
And own thy brother's faults, compared with thine,
Were light as grains of dust with mountains weighed?" p. 28.

Poor Coffin, (the Boston Bard) it appears was under the dominion of some luckless planet: even from the very threshold of existence his star has never been a star of peace, for, says the poet,

"While yet his childhood in its tender bud
Beneath the shelter of parental care,
Was opening its sweet promise on the view,
And all around was happiness and love;
Misfortune rushed upon the peaceful scene,
Tore down its strongholds of domestic bliss,
And o'er the little Eden smiting there,
Remorseless, breath'd her desolating blasts."
p. 30.

His calamities were not confined to the period of infancy: he was destined to be scathed by that mysterious agency which directs the tempest of desolation, and roots out the last foundations of the heart; for

"A voice of syren sweetness charm'd his ear—
A form of beauty, innocence, and bright,
Before his vision pass'd and touch'd his heart."

* * * * * *

"The waves that late in darkness round him dash'd,
Were all dispersed; while calm and sunshine spread
Their happy influence o'er the changing scene."
p. 41.

But mark his fate; the demon of misfortune had not yet relented, she scowled upon his "little Eden," and all the flowers of hope withered beneath her Upas crown; for

"When happiness her brimming goblet held
To his enchanted lip, and all seemed bliss,
A raging monster burst upon his view!
The sparkling draught with deadly venom drugg'd
And love—e'en at the nuptial altar, tore
From his embrace the hymeneal gift!
His life of life." * * * * p. 43.

Did we consult the bent of Mr. Bryan's Muse alone, we should transcribe, perhaps, the greater part of his Poem—but we desire to aid him in a more congenial way; we wish to go hand in hand with him, and to unite our powers for the benefit of the suffering Bard, not for the purposes of analytical investigation. The following Ode, from the pen of Coffin, has been selected and published in "THE APPEAL,"—it must be read with sensations of delight by all who possess a single chord in unison with the bosom which responds to the anthems of celestial poetry; for even the eight concluding lines would be sufficient to identify a sterling muse, and afford her a passport to the shrine of immortality:

ODE.

"When Freedom midst the battle storm
Her weary head reclined;
And round her fair majestic form,
Oppression's fain had twined;
Amidst the din—beneath the cloud,
Great Washington appeared;
With daring hand rolled back the shroud,
And thus the sufferer cheered;

Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!
With giant strength arise;
Stretch, stretch thy pinions Liberty,
Thy flag plant in the skies!
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,
Let stars thy banner gem;
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—
Wear Victory's diadem.

Go, tell the world, a world is born,
Another orb gives light;
Another sun illumes the morn,
Another star the night;
Be just, be brave!—and let thy name
Henceforth Columbia be;
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,
The wreath of Liberty!

He said—and lo the stars of night
Forth to her banner flew;
And morn with peaceful dipt in light,
Her blushes on it drew;
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
All gloriously unfurled;
Soared with it to his native skies,
And waved it o'er the world."

We must again be permitted to assert the high claims of this Poem, and to add, that the brilliant mine which furnished it, must be affluent with gems of inestimable value. Alas! mental and physical powers are seldom united—the cloud of morbid sensibility obscures the horizon of genius; she basks only in the sunshine of her dreams, in the empire of her imagination, but all her realities belong to the absence of her shadow splendors; she gazes in a flattering mirror, which to be true, must be broken.

But whom—we must return to Mr. Bryan; and we are sorry to declare, that our answer to the following question, would by no means redound to the glory of American patronage:

"Shall free Columbia share the deep reproach
By which ungrateful lands are stigmatized,
Nor aid her sons of Genius!
* * * * * *
E'en now, injurious Rumor is abroad,
And breathes against her gratitude, a tale
That strikes a pang through many a patriot's heart."
p. 53—54:

It may be here remarked, that the poetry of the pencil, together with the poetry of the harp, has found in foreign land those sustaining blessings, that were withheld at the fireside of the maternal home. We certainly yield our assent to the aspersions or praises of another clime, and we have never stepped forward boldly to assert the empire of our belles lettres with the same alacrity that we have manifested for diplomacy or war. The glittering of armour, the mazes of subtlety, and the bustle of national prosperity have frightened the muse from her *imperial haunts*; her withered chaplet, however, blossoms with renovated beauty in England, and Irvine and Cooper wear upon their brows, what Brown wears upon his grave—a garland from the home of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Burns. To illustrate our position, it will be sufficient merely to write the names of West, Allston, and Wilkie, our favored minstrels of painting.

Ah! well-a-day, what a paradox is genius!—her dearest influence arises from her sorrows—the restless taper of the brake and fen resembles her—its beams are cast upon forlorn insects, but still those beams are bright, it is true, to the magician of the lake, who kindled its mysterious flame, (and real genius is always *true*,) it attends the wayward blossoms that lean in winter's blight upon the stream, it lights the poet to his world of glow-worm imagination, and it attends the spectre of the forest to her haunted cell.

If Coffin is a poet, he is also a moralist: the rainbow of his verse was never subservient to the cataract of evil; that which he created or adorned, may be scanned by the sage, accepted by the matron, and admired by the kindling virgin. We are proud to have it in our power to adduce the testimony of the Samaritan minstrel "Bryan," in favor of the purity of our forlorn but gifted Bostonian; and his name shall belong to the hundred excellence of that Bard who desired to blot no line from his works when the hand of death admonished him that he belonged to the mysteries of eternity. "His reward is in heaven." "Not his the verse," says the text.

——"that virtue must condemn:
No reptiles through its flow'ry chaplets wind,
Its coy concealment, Beauty's heart to sting.
* * * * * *
The young and innocent may safely read,
And virgin loveliness may chaunt his song,
Nor blush to own it yields her ear delight."—p. 51.

To conclude—what we have said belongs to justice, not to mercy; we despise the reluctant aid that only *hesitates* a word or two of miserly applause, we shun the censorial idiot which is estranged from the heart: we know that death opens the portal of fame, and we know that the Boston Bard shall not sojourn with us. Those who deserved to achieve the honor of assisting him, must not slumber; his lamp is waning, and he is soon destined to become a portion of that tranquility, which belongs to the heather that shall wither on his grave. The muse of Bryan, the Lament of Farmer, shall avail him nought. But the whispers of his Lyre, shall belong to the trembling reed, the blossoms of perpetual spring, and the rose shall bend over his tomb, as though the spirit of beauty was listening to the spirit of sound—all their correspondence with the universe of the heart shall live, all their murmurs to the echo shall be responded, and the music poet shall read in their delusive associations the names of BRYAN and the BOSTON BARD.

H. T. FARMER.

GREEK FAIR AT BALTIMORE.

The ladies of Baltimore, partaking of that generous and humane spirit which exists throughout the country, and which has been signally displayed in some of the large cities, in favor of the helpless famishing women and children of Greece, have adopted a novel and interesting manner of carrying their design into effect. They have organized a Fair, at which fancy articles, the works of their own hands, are exposed for sale, the avails to be applied to the Greek fund. In this mode of managing their charity, the great end is reached by a method as pleasing as it is unassuming, and that best of all reservations which addresses itself to the pure and hallowed feelings, accompanies the dispensation of the means of subsistence and comfort, to the wretched descendants of a People from whom the earliest sentiments of freedom and glory were derived. We subjoin from the Baltimore American, a notice of the exhibitions of the first day of the Fair.

"Though we pique ourselves on having reached those years when gewgaws lose some of their value even to the most eager spirit, our philosophy was fairly upset yesterday, by the brilliant display of trifles to which the plastic hands of our ladies had lent elegance and grace. The fragile fans, the transparent screens, the pincushions, fit to be touched only by the fair hands that made them, the card racks, enveloped in flowers, and adborne on the wings of butterflies, resplendent as the far famed blue ones of Cachemire; pen-wipers, that we would no more think of soiling with our grey-goose quill, than of wiping it on the hem of a lady's robe; muslin, flowers, and odours; flower vases of feathers; baskets of chrystals; slippers small enough for Cinderella, or easy enough to soothe the uneasiness of the most "arthritic toe,"—all, even to the *prices*, were of the highest order, and by the Midas touch of the fair venders, were in the course of the morning transmuted into gold. No wonder! for like the tiny slippers of the Frenchman, they seemed all to have been made, as they were sold, "in a moment of enthusiasm." The beautiful saloons at the Masonic Hall, not diverted from its purpose as a temple of charity, was embellished, however, by more lovely priestesses than ever officiated in its mysterious precincts before.

"To be serious, however, the display of beautiful trifles exhibited to great advantage the invention and taste of the fair artificers, themselves the greatest attraction of the scene. The throng was great, and too good-humored on such an occasion, not to be liberal; and the fancy merchandize is in a fair way to undergo a further transformation into large stores of food and raiment for the objects of the charity, the amount received being about $1,500. Nearly the whole stock disappeared with almost as much rapidity as the rainbow tints, from which their gay colors seemed to have been borrowed."

LOSS OF THE SCHOONER HORATIO.

The Louisiana Advertiser, of the 31st ultimo, received by the Schooner Splendid, arrived at this port, from New Orleans, contains a distressing account of the loss of the Schooner Horatio, Captain Doughty, of this port, on her passage from Philadelphia for Port au Prince, on the 5th of March, at 5 P. M. in lat. 33, N. long. 72, 30. It appears that all on board, excepting Capt. Lemuel Doughty, perished. We understand that the vessel and the greater part of her cargo were insured. The following particulars of this distressing event, are given by Capt. Doughty:

On Saturday, March 3, discharged the Pilot, having a favorable breeze from N. N. E. and steering S. S. E.—continued fair weather until Sunday morning, when the wind increased so rapidly and the sea arose so as to break over, but with little damage. In the meantime the pumps were kept agoing; about sun-set, it increased to a gale, we took in all sail, except the balance reefed foresail, which we scudded under, endeavoring to get through the Gulf Stream before the sea increased too dangerous—she laboured very much, and making water as fast as it could be pumped out. We scudded all that night, and every body on deck attending to the pumps, and safety of the vessel. On Monday morning 5th, as the day broke, the gale increased to a hurricane, shifting the wind from N. N. E. at intervals, attended with constant rain and hail. The sea arose in heavy masses and very irregular—about 8 A. M. was struck with a heavy sea which carried away several stanchions, quarter boards, and some of the plank shears.

Finding it rather dangerous to run, at 10 A. M. lay her to under part of the foresail; by this time both pumps were going to keep her free and all hands employed securing things about the deck. At meridian the storm increased with much violence, so as to blow the fore to sail and flying jib from their lashings; at 4 P. M. while the mate (Mr. Henry Rounds) and the people were lashing the long boat, a heavy sea struck her in the waist, and washed the mate overboard and all hands to leeward; we endeavoured to save him by heaving out ropes, but could not; he drifted to windward and sunk to rise no more! Stove in all the water casks and have the lumber off the deck so as to lighten her; took in the foresail and set part of the balanced reefed mainsail, which kept her closer to the sea—at 5 P. M. while in the cabin shifting myself, a powerful sea struck her and lay her on her beam ends: I succeeded in gaining the deck as the water rushed over me—three of the crew and myself got into the weather main chains, (which was the larboard) and lashed ourselves; one man was drowned in the forecastle.

By this time she was full of water and driving with head to wind—both masts being under water, we cut away the lanyards without effect—the sea at every roll making a breach over our heads, sometimes washing us down her bottom. At about midnight the cook, who was beat me, got washed from his lashings, I held him by the arm and tried to secure him—but another sea immediately followed, and wrenched him from my powerless grasp—he sunk without a struggle; all the hatches were burst open, and the cargo floating out at every avenue. The scene was truly awful, too much so to be pictured, the mountainous sea, the chain of waves, dashing the broken spars and fragments of the wreck over and around us; but three miserable beings lashed to the unshattered ship, beseeching the mercy of heaven in piteous agony and suing for that dissolution which must inevitably take place—but half clothed, the bleak wind, and constant breaking of the merciless waves over us, almost suffocated our breath with the frequent draught we inhaled; shivering and benumbed with the lashings that bound us; at this solitary and wretched crisis, without one remnant of hope to rest upon; contemplating in our fellow companions who were so suddenly swallowed in the yawning gulf, and that dark abyss presenting its angry frown, left no hope, no resource but inevitable death; and death seemed a guarding angel that would release our sufferings.

At about 4 A. M. on Tuesday, the two young men appeared deranged, and talked of going on shore to get something to eat and drink; I was with great persuasion I prevailed on them from casting off their lashings. Their imaginations became so heated, that at length no remonstrance of mine could avail—they loosed themselves, their impatience became so vivid—a heavy sea came over. I held them a while; they became alarmed and tried to relash themselves—when another greater sea rushed over carrying them with it—they cried out to me for a rope, alas! I had none! What I had to spare I threw to them—they grasped, but could not reach, a mournful cry escaped them, the struggle for life was but short, their efforts soon overcame them, and their bodies floated motionless all around the bows, out of my sight forevermore.

Now indeed the full weight of agony bore me down. I had neither ideas nor reflections, but submissively awaiting the same fate that befel my companions—I retained my unpleasant situation in a grave-like attitude, without a gleam of hope or wish for alteration—while my fixed eyes were glaring on the tumult of the crashing waves, my situation was aroused by an object which stimulated me to thought, and from that thought my mind became animated with a hope, a hope of rescue. The object was the main mast, which had become loosened from the vessel, and the hull appeared to right a little—another cheering ray of daylight broke upon me, gave me fuller hopes, and when the sun arose I got on the quarter deck, where I lashed myself secure.

But even this respite from suffering only gave me more acute reflections, for here a lingering feverish death awaited me and haunted my restless mind; none but the Providence of God could on this desert ocean release me; to his care I resigned my soul and body; for two more nights I remained lashed to the stern of the wreck with a small piece of tarpaulin to cover me from the breaking waves. On the morning of the 8th of March, as the sun arose, I descried a welcome sail standing for me. I raised a flag—the vessel came down—they hove out the boat and took me on board the brig Lavinia, capt. John Lockerd, of Hallowell, from Baltimore for New Orleans, and by his kind, humane and gentlemanly treatment, I recovered. For 70 hours I had neither to eat nor drink.

HORTICULTURE.

Carnation and Pink seeds may be sown any time this month. As it is from seed that all new varieties are obtained, you should sow some every year; and if you have but one good variety from each sowing, there can be no reason to complain as this may afterwards be abundantly propagated, by layers, or slips. The fine double kinds seldom ripen seeds of the latter; especially, when growing near the finest varieties, you may expect some good, and perhaps, valuable flowers. For this purpose, prepare a small bed of good rich ground, sow the seeds on the surface, tolerably thick, each sort separate, and sift over them about a quarter of an inch of fine light earth. If the weather should prove dry, water the beds occasionally, the plants will soon rise, after which, it will be necessary to keep them free from weeds, and refresh them now and then with a little water.

Double Daisies.—Double daisies may now be propagated abundantly, by dividing and slipping the roots; but these should be planted in shady borders, or rather in shallow frames, where they can be protected from the too powerful influence of the summer sun, which would absolutely destroy them, if left to its mercy. These frames will also be convenient for the laying of boards or mats over them, for the winter production of the plants, without which, most of them would perish. They may be either planted in small pots sunk in the earth, or in rows in the beds, ten inches asunder, and plant from plant, six inches distant in the row. Water them immediately and give them shade for a few days.

TO FARMERS.

Soak seed corn in a solution of *Glaubers salts*, and it will come up three or four days sooner than if planted in its natural state, and neither worms, nor fowls, nor birds, will molest it.—The discovery was made by accident last year, by a farmer in Massachusetts, who supposed the salts used were nitre. Not a hill of two acres planted with seed thus prepared was touched, while at least half of the adjoining field, planted at the same time, was destroyed.

THE EVENING POST.

$2 PER ANNUM—*in advance.*

All subscriptions if not paid within the year, will be charged $3—and $1 24 for six months

CITIZEN'S LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

This line of steam-boats and stages have recently passed principally into new hands, efficient, persevering, and wealthy men. The old and unfortunate boat *Nina* is dismissed, and in her place the Congress is substituted, till a new boat can be built and equipped of the taste and style of the Albany and Philadelphia. The Congress is a very fast boat, with fine accommodations, and close top, or roof over the deck, calculated not only as a shelter for rain, but a very important guard from hot water in case of accident, as was exemplified in the late explosion of the boat on the Potomac.

About 9 o'clock on Friday evening week, a fire broke out in a Carpenter's shop, in Jones' Alley, leading from Front to Second street, between Market and Arch streets. The shop was almost immediately destroyed, and the fire communicated to the houses on the opposite side of the alley, and in the rear. One or two store houses, and several dwellings and workshops, were burned. The extreme difficulty of access, and the combustible state of the buildings, rendered the progress of the flames very rapid. Mr. Yarnell, of the firm of Yarnell and Son, had his thigh broken by falling through the trap-door, in the third story of a building near the fire. Mr. Vanfossan, in whose shop the fire originated, lost all his stock, tools and furniture, and barely succeeded in rescuing his children from the flames.

The twelfth number of Lorrz and Weimer' Acting American Theatre, says the Aurora, has just appeared, which contains the popular comedy of *Simpson & Co.* This number is embellished with a striking likeness of the late Mr. Bernee. The engraving, which is of a superior order, is from the graver of our townsman J. W. Steel; the painting, a spirited sketch by Mr. J. Wood, of Baltimore. A happier likeness has not appeared in any of the preceding numbers, than that which embellishes the present; and it may be remarked that a picture of Mr. Bernee is a very appropriate embellishment to Simpson & Co. as he was the means of introducing this amusing entertainment to a Philadelphia audience. This number completes the third volume of the Acting American Theatre, which is published in a manner that confers great credit upon the taste and enterprise of the proprietor.

The Proprietors of "The Memorial," published yearly in Boston, offer the following premiums for contributions to their "Christmas and New Year's offering:"

For the best original Poem, a prize of $50.
For the second ditto, a prize of $30.
For the best original Prose Tale, a prize of $50.
For the second ditto, a prize of $30.

Communications must be addressed "to the editor of the Memorial, care of Messrs. True and Greene, Boston, Mass." on or before the 15th of May.

Those unacquainted with the business can form but a vague idea of the rapidity with which the art of printing is conducted. The three volumes of *Vivian Grey* were placed in the compositor's hands by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, on Tuesday of last week, and on Tuesday last were ready for publication, having in the short space of six days, been printed, folded and bound. Rapid work indeed, but even greater expedition is used with the Waverly Novels by the same enterprising publishers.

Mr. Cooper's new Novel, *the Prairie*, will be published in about a fortnight. At the date of the latest intelligence from the author, he was still in Paris attending to the publication of that work, of which five editions are in the press—one in England; two in Paris, (in French and English;) one in Berlin, and one in this country; all of them are to appear simultaneously.

The Rhode Island Historical Society, have put to press the following rare work by Roger Williams, the founder of religious freedom: "A key into the Language of America; or an Help to the Language of the natives of that part of America called New England, together with brief observations on the Customs, Manners and Worship of the aforesaid Natives, in Peace and War, in Life and Death.

The Literary Cadet and Rhode Island Statesman, published by Messrs. Smith & Parmenter, has entered on its second year, enlarged and improved. It is now published twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

A letter from Liberia, dated at Monrovia, Feb. 6th, says—

"Lieut. Norris arrived on the 12th of January, and expects to sail for St. Thomas on the 12th of February. The 12 pound guns and ammunition have been received and landed safely, and in good order; and the presence and services of the Shark, have proved equally seasonable and advantageous to the Colony. Not a shaver had attempted his operations between Trade Town and Cape Mount, (which limit at the two extremes, the line of coast, along which it is an object of great coloniale to us, to effect its final and entire abolition,) since the date of my last letters, until five days previous to the arrival of the Shark, when a small French schooner from Martinique, landed her cargo at Little Bassa, for 200 slaves. The Shark, in detaining this vessel on the 3d of the month, for a few hours, in order to investigate her character, prevented her escape from a French man of war, then cruising in search of her, and which at that moment hove in sight. She has been sent to Gore for condemnation.

SPANISH GALLANTRY.

Captain Fowler, arrived at Boston, was on board the Columbian privateer sloop Hobart, of 4 guns, at the time she took the brig Nereus, of Havana, near the Isle of Pines. He states that the crew of the latter (about 30 in number,) all ran below after firing guns, and the vessel was taken without opposition, although she mounted 8 guns, 2 of heavy calibre. No person was injured on either side. He understood a considerable amount in gold dust, was found on board. The brig was from Africa, and had just landed several hundred slaves; the captain of the privateer also made the novel information where the negroes were, landed his men, and obtained all of them, except 10 or 12, and carried them off.

Washington contains a population estimated at 19,677, of buildings the number is 2633, during the last year, 125 houses were erected, 63 wood, and 62 brick. In 1820, when the census was taken the inhabitants of the city were computed to be 13,471, increase within the compass of about six years 6,206, averaging somewhat more than a thousand a year.

The sudden rising of the waters in the St. Lawrence, and to an unusual height, has occasioned the loss of much property. The wharves of Messrs. Molson & Sons, and Augustus Kemper, at Montreal, and the stores on them, have been carried away by the flood. Timber, cars, &c. were also seen floating down the river, and it is feared the damage has been very extensive.

U. S. Frigate United States, Com. Isaac Hull, arrived at New York on Sunday last, from a cruise in the Pacific. Officers and crew in good health—she has not had an officer since her departure from the United States. Left Valparaiso on the 24th of January; arrived at St. Salvador, on the 6th of March, and left on the 16th; arrived at Barbadoes and sailed the 3d of April—touched at Martinique and St. Thomas.—Officers on board: Com. Isaac Hull; Lieuts. Percival, Armstrong, Paulding, Long, Nicholson; Lieuts. of Marine, Carlton and Wadsley; purser, G. Bell; surgeon, Dewey; do. mates, Tryster and Pratt; Claybon, Estheridge; midshipmen, Russel, Lewis Blakey, Downes, Pickney, Stockton, Calhoun, Lawrence, Schuyerhuyzen, Pennington, Thompson, Frost, Cuss, Spore, Wetmore, Blair, Bradley, M'Daniel, Davis, Valdez, Mitchell, Holmes, Hazard and Peters; boatswain, Evans; sailmaker, Reed; Carpenter, C. Smith; gunner, Cowan; D. Page, purser's steward. Passengers—Lt. Comdt. Beverly Kennon, Lt. W. H. Hooper, purser J. A. Bates, late of the U. S. sch. Dolphin, Lts. W. L. Gordon, James Williams, of the U. S. Navy, and Mr. Seddon of New York.

Noah, in the Enquirer, noticing a reputed discovery of the mystery of perpetual motion by a Mr. Bennistan, of Grand Isle says: "I know this Bennistan. He is one of my squatters on Grand Island—a decent man, with a good farm. He may be an ingenious person, but there is nothing of it in his appearance. Perpetual motion will be like the wolf in the fable; when it does come, no one will attend to it."

The Milledgeville Recorder says: "The line now running by the joint Commission of the United States and this State, between Georgia and Florida, will pass north of the line formerly run by the State's Surveyor, and will consequently, add to Florida a long slip of land, of a mile or two in width, which was supposed to be in Georgia."

The Montreal Herald of the 11th instant, says, "The river near this city is now clear of ice. On the morning of Wednesday last it broke up. A thick haze hung over the water, which concealed in a great measure the scene from the eyes of the crowd that were assembled on the heads to witness it. The noise of the crushing ice was audible enough; and now and then large sheets rising aloft and then falling to pieces, might be distinguished through the mist. Yesterday several canoes and batteaux passed between this city and the opposite shore."

The steamboat Albany, when opposite West Point, at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon of last week, met with an accident, on her passage down. In backing water, to take in passengers, the pivot that supports the piston hooks, and it fell with such force as to break several parts of the machinery. She was towed down the river as far as Sing Sing, by the Sun, which boat brought the passengers to New York. It is supposed the repairs of the Albany will cost about $1800 dollars.

HAYTI.

It appears that a newspaper called the "Journal du Commerce," has been established in this island by a Frenchman, named Granvel, and that many injurious strictures on the United States, have been introduced into it. A correspondent of the Boston Gazette asserts this journal to be under the special patronage of President Boyer, who ever since the treaty with France, has evinced a hostile disposition to the American residents in Hayti. Monsieur Granvel, it seems, has the impudence to say, that the American commerce consists in selling poultry at the Cape; and it would appear, indeed, that respectable merchants both of this and other nations, have but confidence in the Hayden Government, and are cautious of trading in the island.

A majority of the people, however, gratefully acknowledge the aid of the people of this country, during the most critical period of their struggle for independence; and a letter from a respectable native Haytien, received in Boston, speaks indignantly of the calumnious attacks of M. Granvel on the American character.

A letter from London, of recent date, received at Washington, says—"Samuel Williams, the great American merchant, No. 15 Finsbury Square, London, is in first credit, and will in a few years be enabled to gratify the first wish of his heart, pay every one who lost by his bankruptcy. He lost a superior fortune by ill luck, but never his good name."

John Dillon, of Manchester, (Ontario co.) N. Y. 70 years of age, on the night of the 9th inst. put an end to his existence by jumping into his well. It seems to have been a deliberate act, from some attention he had paid to his property. The day previous he had brought some opium, but forgot to take it home with him, and adopted a different mode of self-destruction.

On the 11th inst. in Manheim, Herkimer county, (N. Y.) three children, a son and daughter of Adam Timerman, jun. one 6 and the other 4 years old, and a daughter of Isaac Smith, aged 3, were poisoned by eating of the root of the cicuta or American Hemlock, which they found in a field where they were at play. They all died within a few hours after eating the roots.

The whole expenses of the poor in Boston are $1,000 dollars, 10,000 dollars of which is paid by the State, and 20,000 by the City.—In Baltimore, the total expenditure on this account, is 18,000 dollars. In New York, the *criminals* and *paupers*, 60,000 dollars is expended annually. Within the bounds of the poor corporation of Philadelphia, including about four-fifths of the whole population of the City and County, the amount levied in 1822, 23, 24, and 25, averaged 120,000 a year. It has recently been reduced to 80,000 dollars.

In Greenfield, Conn. a Mr. Daniel Gay, advertises a house in the following expressive manner:

"For sale, an elegant brick dwelling house in the centre of the flourishing village of Greenfield, Mass. adjoining which is a shop here before occupied by a *blacksmith*, and is a very eligible situation for a *gentleman of that profession*."

A ROYAL ROAD TO THE BAR.

The Hon'ble. Alexander Smith, of apocalyptic memory, advertises that he proposes young gentlemen in the science of Law, at his residence, Wythe Court House, Virginia. Hear him:

"Six months of diligent application, under the *instruction of the subscriber*, will probably qualify the student to obtain a license. A gentleman from Mississippi (who did not confine himself to the study of Law only,) passed an examination in five months and a week. *Gentlemen from the low country and the South, may become lawyers while there withdraw to more cool, excellent water, and a cool climate, during the sickly season.*"

The General tonight, we should think, threw in occasionally a little information in proclamation writing, and military tactics."

Several of the clergyman of the state of Maine have refused to read in their pulpits the brief and pithy proclamation of their Governor for an annual fast, published not long since in this paper. The objection to the proclamation, as far as we can understand the matter, was that it said nothing about certain doctrines on which different sects do not agree.

The trial of Berrage, for the murder of Tobias Martin, of Washington co., some time last summer, came on at Annapolis, on Wednesday week.—Considerable difficulty was encountered in the selection of a Jury, in which much time was taken up. The testimony adduced was of the strongest and most indisputable nature, and the fact of the prisoner's guilt was clearly established. About ten o'clock at night the Jury brought in a Verdict—Guilty of murder in the first degree.

Mr Brandreth, Stage Agent, has furnished the editors of the Troy (N. Y.) Sentinel, with a list of the stages that arrive at, and depart from that city daily; from which it appears, that the whole number of regular arrivals and departures during a week, was 598. Add to this, extras and steamboats, and some idea may be formed of the immense number of individuals who pass to and from that city.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

Sir Walter Scott has again acknowledged himself the author of "the Waverly Novels," and in the most unequivocal terms. At a Theatrical dinner in Edinburgh, his health was proposed by Lord Meadowbank, and on returning thanks he said, "he certainly did not think, in coming here to-day, he should have the task of acknowledging in face of three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, considering it had been communicated to more than twenty persons was remarkably well kept. He did not see he could think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice.—He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. He was afraid to think or tell he had written. "Look out again, I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said he was the author, *that he was the sole and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading.* The wand was now broken, and the rod buried."—And thus the doubts of some are put to rest, and the belief of others is sanctioned by the best of all possible authorities.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From papers received at New York.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Sir Francis Burdett brought forward his motion upon the subject of the Catholic Claims, on the 6th of March. The debate was dispersed over to the 6th, when the "giants" of the debating who were pitted against each other, were the Master of the Rolls, (Sir John Copley,) against the motion, and Mr. Canning in favour of it. When Mr. Canning had concluded, the question was taken, and the motion lost, 276 to 272—the majority being four. Thus it seems that a great change has taken place in the popular branch of Parliament, against the Catholics. This decision had produced much excitement in Ireland, and arrangements were making to send a large deputation, composed of members from all the counties, with an address to the King on the subject.

THAMES TUNNEL.

By the last accounts the stupendous project of excavating a Tunnel, for passage way for carriages and travellers, *under the River Thames* at London, was proceeding with rapidity and success. The distance excavated was 600 feet from the shaft, and the workmen were engaged 270 feet under the river. The most formidable obstructions anticipated, viz. the land Springs, or quick sands, had been surmounted. The work people are relieved every eight hours. The company could beneficially employ more hands than were at the workings, but there still existed many ignorant working people, who thought they must encounter extraordinary danger of being engulphed by the river, if they engaged in this under water employment.

The Diamond, one of the finest ships in the British Navy, which had recently returned from South America under Lord Napier, was consumed by accident at Portsmouth, England, about midnight on the 13th of February. All the officers and men, with their families, were taken out of her in safety.

Mrs. Belzoni, the wife of the celebrated traveller, is now residing at Brussels with his mother, in indigence and seclusion.

The Poor rates in Bristol, England, about four years ago, amounted to 15,000 sterling; for the current year, it is nearly double that sum.

A suit was brought in the Court of King's Bench, London, on the 7th of March, by Thomas Bunbury against Col. Berkeley, for criminal conversation with plaintiff's wife. The jury gave a verdict for plaintiff of 1000 pounds sterling damages.

The Sunday Times says, it is true, and to the court circles that a divorce is more likely to be rewarded—has occurred between two noted cousins of personage in Ireland, who, since the marriage, were complained for connubial happiness. The exalted lady possessed every requisite to make happiness, having intellectual attainments and wealth. Certain it is, that she has left Ireland, and rumour alleges that she will retrace her steps to a more distant land. It is said that the cause of disagreement was the intimacy of the husband to arrangements of some near relations to the noble lord.

Can the lady be the Marchioness of Wellesley, late Miss Patterson, of Baltimore? "Retracing her steps to a more distant land," looks like it. Happiness is not always the fruits of rank and w

formed the ponderous chain of the Holy Alliance give way under their own rust.

A son of Mr. Samuel Philips, aged about 15, while engaged in fishing in the Delaware near the city of Trenton, on the 19th inst. fell from the rock whereon he was sitting into the water, and was drowned. His body was soon after recovered.

The Editor of the Norfolk Herald acknowledges the receipt of a present of Early York green peas, on Sunday week. These peas were planted as late as the 3d of February and attained their full growth in nine weeks.

The General Government has readily complied with a request from the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, to furnish one or two United States' Engineers, for the survey of a route for that important work.

A letter from Key West, received at Charleston, mentions that the revenue schooner Marion, Captain Doane, made her run from that port, in the short passage of four days. Lieutenant Johnson, late first officer of the revenue cutter Pulaski, died at Key West the latter part of February.

A recent letter from the vicinity of Antwerp informs, the season was unusually forward. In Holland it was feared, that the rapid thaw of the snow and ice would produce an inundation.

The British ship Killingbuck, of London, from Antigua, having arrived at Alexandria, D. C. on Saturday, the collector of that port ordered her to depart in 24 hours, permitting only her passengers and their personal baggage to be landed.

The New York Enquirer states, that in the Albany Lancasterian school, there are 927 pupils, who are educated at an expense of $1,700 per annum, including teachers, salaries, rents and contingencies—being less than two dollars per scholar.

Randal W. Smith has been tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary, Lexington, (Ky.) seven years, for killing Dr. Brown. He is to be tried for shooting Mr. Christopher at the same fire.

A Charleston editor has been presented with two strawberries, each measuring upwards of four inches in circumference.

Recently in one of the Philadelphia courts, an action for a breach of promise of marriage was brought against a female. It appeared in evidence that the supposed promise was made in jest; a conclusion which was so much corroborated by the disparity of the parties concerned, that the jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

At a court of Oyer and Terminer, held in Huntingdon county, Pa. last week, a man by the name of Dempsey, aged 75 years, was found guilty of murder in the second degree, for killing his wife—Judge Burnside sentenced him to six years imprisonment in the State prison.

Zipphorah, daughter of Capt. N. Robbins, of Bridgeport, Conn. fell into a kettle of boiling varnish and was instantly drawn out lifeless; she was literally burned to a crisp.

In Russia, suffocation by charcoal is recovered by the application of cold externally and internally. So contrary is the remedy to the suffocation of water.

On the 3d inst. Drs. J. H. Matthews and A. Merriman, dissected a wen from the side of a Mrs. Siris, in the township of Perry, Ohio, which weighed 7 lbs.

The Virginia papers contain an account of a storm which occurred in Mecklenburg, in that state, on the 11th instant, in which hail stones fell of the size of a goose egg.

A woman of the name of Hanford, with one of her sons, has been committed to prison in Wilton, Connecticut, on a charge of having murdered another son.

The grand jury of Salem county, New Jersey, have presented the practice of treating voters at elections, for the sake of obtaining their votes. The presentment is a proper one, and ought to be followed up, for the purpose of excluding so pernicious a practice.

The Navy Commissioners, with their Secretary, have arrived at Portsmouth, N. H. for the purpose of inspecting the Navy Yard in that harbour. It is understood that the Navy Yard at Charlestown has been selected as the place for constructing the Dry Dock north of the Potomac.

A letter from Florida, under date of the 5th March, states that the late winter had been the severest winter in the recollection of the oldest Indians.

The legislature of New York adjourned on Tuesday week, after a session of 106 days, during which time there were passed three hundred and thirty-five bills.

The two years unexpired lease of Castle Garden, New York, was sold by auction, for twelve thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, subject to an annual rent of one thousand four hundred dollars; equal to 7475 dollars per annum. The purchaser was Captain Paul Chace.

The people of New York have been cautioned against purchasing Umbrellas, with wooden, instead of whalebone ribs.

It is stated that the quantity of Cotton used in France, for home consumption, in 1825, was 172,312 bags; in 1826, the quantity was 231,091, more than one half the consumption of Great Britain, in 1825, was 528,000 bags.

The Panharmonicon and Gallery of Cuttings was in exhibition at New-Orleans on the 15th ult. and attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Thomas Wright, of Cincinnati, has invented a machine to go by steam for the cutting of lath. We have been informed by those who have seen the machinery in operation, that it cuts the lath a regular thickness, of half an inch, and that it cuts three thousand per hour.

The Milledgeville Recorder says: "The line now running by the joint Commission of the United States and this State, between Georgia and Florida, will pass north of the line formerly run by the State's Surveyor, and will, consequently add, to Florida a long slip of land, of a mile or two in width, which was supposed to be in Georgia."

A number of Spanish prisoners, released from Algerine slavery, arrived at Port Mahon in February last, in the most distressed situation. The officers and crew of the U. S. frigate Constitution, observing their destitute condition, volunteered a handsome subscription to relieve them, and paid their passage to Spain.

Miss Turner, daughter of Benjamin Turner, of Neversink, Sullivan county, N. Y. was drowned a few days since in Neversink river, having been blown off a narrow foot bridge when the wind was blowing a gale.

A traveller named Albert Sedgewick, aged forty-two years, put a period to his existence by taking opium on the evening of the 11th inst. at the house of Nathaniel Merriman, in Leyden, Lewis county, Va.

The captain of a British ship, which lately touched at St. Helena, reports, that Buonaparte's new house remained unoccupied, and Bougars, with permission, are allowed to rent it during their stay. The room of his old residence, wherein he died, had been converted to a threshing barn, and the other part of the house into stables.

Letters from Bengal mention, that the good people of Calcutta were alarmed at the advance of the Russians into Persia, and exhorted their rulers to do nothing to disturb the imperial eagle in his quarry.

The Inhabitants of Aurora (Ohio,) had a spirited hunt lately: on counting the game it appeared that nearly 1300 had been killed.

Counterfeit notes of the U. S. Bank, payable at Charleston and Cincinnati, are in circulation. They are of the letter W. The figures filled up with the pen are badly executed, as to alter the engraving of the ornamental heads at each end of the notes.

An American female dwarf, Miss A. M'Donell, is at present exhibited in New York. She was born in Cecil county, Maryland, March 26, 1797, and is now in her 31st year, weighs 40 pounds, and is only 30 inches high.

On Sunday, the 1st instant, a man by the name of Gallagher, was drowned in the Allegheny river, at Freeport. He foolishly attempted to swim the river, and his life became the sacrifice of his temerity.

A mad dog was killed in Pearl, near Beekman street, New York, on the forenoon of Saturday last.

Duncan G. Campbell has acceded to the frequent solicitations of his friends throughout the State of Georgia, that he would permit his name to be run for the office of Governor at the next election, and has declared his willingness to serve, if elected.

On Monday week the house of Mr. Mathias Bagley, about eleven miles from Kingston, Upper Canada, was consumed by fire, and an interesting girl, a daughter of Mr. Elias Price, aged about seven years, and a grand daughter of Mr. Bagley, perished in the flames. A daughter of Mr. B. was much burnt in her endeavours to save the two children from the flames.

A man named Andrew Steward, was drowned in the creek near Salem, N. J. on Wednesday week, while attempting to swim from a boat (capsized) to the shore. Mr. Stewart left a wife and five young children.

The American trade with China last year, amounted to 8,949,542 dollars. The commerce between China and South America, was double what it had been the year previous.

From Calcutta papers to the close of December, received at Boston, it appears that arrangements are making to establish steam vessels on the Read sea.

A plan has been submitted to the common council of Savannah, for supplying the city with water; and the estimates are; for elevating and retaining it, 20,000 dollars; for distributing it, 30,000 dollars.

The ladies committee of Rome, in New York, among other articles for the benefit of the Greeks, have contributed 300 needles and 250 skeins of thread.

We stop the press, says the Columbian Star, to announce the painful intelligence, that Mrs. Judson, one of our Missionaries at Burmah, is no more! Our feelings, at this moment, are inexpressible; but we are comforted by the reflection—"The Lord reigns."

The Cherokee Indians have it in view to establish a press for the purpose of circulating general intelligence amongst their people. A real Cherokee has invented an alphabet containing 85 characters, so easily acquired by the Indians, that they correspond with each other with as much facility as the whites do.

The philanthropic citizens of New-Haven, Conn. have established a society for the improvement of the moral, intellectual, and religious condition of the African population of that city.

Mr. Prince, the horticulturalist, of Flushing, N. Y. states that the spring has not been so forward since the year 1791, as it is the present season.

The Commissioners having reduced the tolls on canal passage boats, on the New York Canal, they have again commenced running.

Susquehannah Trade.—The Wyoming Herald states, that between the first of March and the 5th of April, 1035 rafts and arks, were passed by the keeper of the gate, to pass the bridge at Wilkesbarre; and many others must have passed down which were not seen or enumerated.

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1827.

The *Publication* office of the "SATURDAY EVENING POST," is REMOVED to ☞ No. 112 *Chesnut street*, two doors below the Post office, where all business relative to this establishment, will in future, be transacted. The Counting Room is situated back—entrance on Hudson's alley.

A LETTER BOX is placed in a convenient position on the outside of our Counting-room window, to receive the favours of our friends.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A part of the PREMIUMS that were awarded to the authors of original Tales, Poems and Essays, which have appeared in "S. E. Post" and "Casket," are in readiness for delivery, and shall be sent to the respective claimants, as soon as we ascertain a safe and commodious means of conveyance, several of them residing at a distance from this city.

The beautiful lines entitled "My Love," selected from the writings of Robert Morris, shall be transplanted into our columns.

The Songs, furnished us by two favourite Correspondents, (ELLEN and SYLVA) to be set to Music, are in a state of forwardness, and no doubt we shall be able to gratify the lovers of Music with their appearance at an early day.

The Music, arranged for the Spanish Guitar, which has been received from X. Y. Z. of Baltimore, we are not prepared to say whether it may answer us or not—we shall certainly oblige him if we can do so with propriety—there are no objections to the verses.

"To Ossian," Dacotah; "The Invitation addressed to Miss C—R—," and lines "to Edwin," Eustatius; "Farewell to the shades of the wild waving Isreal," Cantwaxee;—"Woman," Frank;—"To Juliet," A Reflection;—are among our literary receipts of this week.

We have received an answer to Martin Roche's queries on Book-keeping.

We publish Jessie's note with no other remarks but an apology for the errors which occurred in preparing her article for press.

Bristol, April 24, 1827.

MESSRS EDITORS—I again thank you for the insertion of my trifles, but the letter inclosing them I did not wish published, but it is of little consequence, though intended only for your eye. Inadvertencies not what change has taken place in the proprietorship of the signature, as who bears it now or who formerly bore it; I interlined the sentiments of a certain poem; therefore there can be no mistake. If the present W. C. B. (no matter who he is,) is the author, it was to him, or at least to his sentiments, that I alluded to in my first lines. By your note to my last piece, it seems I have committed poesom, and I am pleased to find that W. C. B. of 1825, is not the W. C. B. of 1827. I observe the following errata in my last lines to W. C. B.—*sure* instead of *should*, in the third line first verse—*he* instead of *that he* in 1st line 11th verse—and *I* instead of *yet* in the same verse.

The "CASKET" for May will be published on Monday—it contains a well executed Portrait of ROBERT FULTON, Esq. and a biographical sketch of his Life—also a view of the TREVTON FALLS in the state of New-York—this latter we have been obliged to substitute in the place of the NIAGARA FALLS intended for insertion at this time, but which is daily expected here, owing to a mistake of the Engraver—three Nos. of the "School of Flora," and the celebrated song called "Comin' thro' the Rye," (set to Music) which was given as note necessary to Mrs. Knight, with great eclat, are also contained in the present work of this month. In consequence of having published another edition of the January, February and March Nos. we are now enabled to furnish our friends with the Casket from the commencement of the year. Price $2.50 per annum.

CHARITIES.

In looking around for objects of self-laudation, a Philadelphian is immediately provided with ample materials in the happy situation of his favourite city; and the fortunate result of exertion and art, to improve and adapt to every convenience, the provisions and furnishings of nature. That the site of our city was well adapted for the purpose for which its founders chose it, is the work of nature; but that this adaptation was discovered and improved upon, we must bless the memory of a Penn, and do justice to the exertions of his successors who kept his great plans in view, nor suffered the vandalism of fashion and love of *improvement* to mar his beautiful design, and frustrate his purpose, of making his city an example of purity and convenience. But these are minor subjects for consideration with a Philanthropist, although they are not, without great and just weight, considered as a mean of good, as well as a source of convenience. But the enjoyments of the healthy, and the comforts of the affluent, are not matters of public enquiry; in a free country, he who has not the burthens of poverty to sustain, who has health, and the fair goddess liberty for his companion, is not an object of solicitude; if all that we may enjoy of happiness in this life be not his, let him learn to look *within* for the cause of his unquiet.

But it is the just source of pride to our city, that the enjoyment of life's richest comforts, by the affluent, has ever been sweetened to their appetites, in that they had ministered of their abundance to the needy; that they had gathered the orphan to the benefits of food, raiment, and education; that they had wiped the widow's tear, and chased from her the demon of want; that they had, indeed, like the captive Israelite, before they had sit down to their meal, first enquired whether any of their brethren lacked bread.

The Hospital, on Spruce and Pine street, is to be considered in the light of a public charity; because, although a great portion of the invalids therein pay a moderate sum for their comforts and attendances, still the door is never closed to those whom any sudden calamity may have overtaken; and, in an especial manner, are the delicate wants of females feelingly and amply provided for.

Upon the banks of the Schuylkill is the house of the "Magdalene Society;" a great benefits, it is said, have resulted from the charitable exertions, and kind contributions, of a few of our excellent citizens, for the purpose of reclaiming the wretched and outcast female. It is a retreat from vice, and its odious consequences; a place to purge the mind from the filth of its long cherished pollutions; and to restore the body, by the discipline of industry and salutary diet, to its wonted tone.

The "Friends," with their unostentatious charity, have provisions for the destitute of their persuasion, where all the neatness and household comfort, that characterises that people, are to be enjoyed as a *right*, rather than a benefit; and this without lessening their contributions to public charities, required by the laws of the state, or solicited by those of other persuasions.

To several of the churches are attached edifices for the support of indigent women, in which all the comforts and properties of life, so necessary to age, are carefully and feelingly furnished to the objects designated by the donors.

In Broad street is the Asylum of the Deaf and Dumb, one of the most noble charities that distinguish the present age; private contributions, and private sacrifices, have, in this instance, been most efficiently aided by public munificence.

Our public schools are glorious monuments of the predominance of liberal principles, and characteristic, in an essential manner, the present times with the most exalted lustre.

The Widows' Asylum, in Cherry street, is another glorious monument of discriminating charity: and the Orphan Asylum, above it, has objects in view beyond all praise; objects that are silently and effectually brought about, in giving to the houseless orphan a safe and sure retreat, not from the inclemencies of the elements and the cravings of nature alone, but from the polluting examples of vice and infamy, that would hang about his step in every path that he could, without such aid, attempt to walk.

These two last mentioned are, in an especial manner, the result of Female charity, long enduring and most persevering in its purpose. Let those who would see what can be done with limited means, used with determination, husbanded by frugality, and employed and enlarged by Female assiduity, go look at the "Orphan Asylum"—owing, if we mistake not, its existence chiefly to the unsparing exertions of a single individual, some time since called from her labours to their reward—but the institution shall remain a glorious monument of her blessed munificence; and her pious exertions remembered, more glorious than the choicest monument of Thessalonian, and richer than the boasted Mausoleum.

These are but a few of the numerous public charities that honour our city and our citizens; but from the hands and hearts of benevolent individuals, bounties are continually flowing in a thousand unseen channels of goodness, whose existence, like the meadow streams, can only be guessed at by its fertilizing influence. There are those who wait not the call of misery, but who seek out the afflicted, giving double effect to their charity by sparing its object the pain of solicitation. In this city, the extent of suffering, which constitutes the source of complaint in other countries, need never be known: occupation is easily withheld; and when the arm of industry is paralized by sickness or age, the hand of charity, open and full, beckons the sufferer to softer comforts and quiet enjoyments.

These are the characteristics of Philadelphia—let other places boast of pre-eminence in commerce, arts, taste, or literature. Be ours the "home of charity, the city of brotherly love."

The Drama.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, April 21.—*Brian Boroihme.*

Monday, April 23.—*Love among the Roses* and *Brian Boroihme*.—Mrs. Wallack's benefit, and a full and fashionable house.

Tuesday, April 24.—*Brian Boroihme.*

Wednesday, April 25.—*Hoard to Ruin* and *Warlock of the Glen*.—*Goldfinch* and *Andrew Mr. Wallack. Sophia*, Mrs. Wallack.

Thursday, April 26.—Mr Wallack's benefit—A new Scotch ballet, and *Brian Boroihme.*

Friday, April 27.—*Pizarro* and *The Boy after the Wedding*.—*Rolla*, by a young gentleman of this city, his first appearance on any stage.

The Benefits of our regular Corps Dramatique commence on Monday evening, and we sincerely hope they may prove profitable. A full house certainly cannot be more deservingly bestowed than upon those who labour in their "vocation" during the whole season, endeavouring to please, in which, if they cannot succeed, it must be recollected that they are frequently obliged to assume parts which they are compelled to learn from night to night; while the stars, whom they support, are appointed to the "easy yoke," for the performance of characters to the study of which they perhaps have devoted the greater portion of their life. We think it would be a more equitable plan were the Managers to permit the stock performers to take their benefits during the season, and not crowd them together at the close of the campaign, after the theatrical excitement has been, as is generally the case, completely exhausted—it is then necessary for them to exert every nerve, and devise every means, to obtain a house, notwithstanding which they frequently receive a *benefit* and not a *benefit*.

The following Benefits are already announced:

Monday evening, April 30—Mr. J. Green's, that old and well tried favourite of the town; on which occasion his daughter, Miss E. Jefferson, will make her first appearance in character.

Tuesday, May 1—Mr. Forrest's, whom, we are pleased to say, will be assisted by his brother, *Mr. E. Forrest*; who, for that night only, and for the first time here, will appear as *Virginius*, a character which he performed at New-York this week, for the first time, and was, as might have been anticipated, eminently successful.

Wednesday, May 2—Mr. Wood's. His claims are so well known to the public, that it would be unnecessary to recommend him to attention.

Thursday, May 3—Mr. Wemyss'. This gentleman has undoubted claims upon the public's liberality. Shall he be forgotten. We hope not.

Mr. E. Forrest performed the part of *Virginius*, for the first time at the Bowery Theatre, New York, on Tuesday evening. A new farce was played at the Park Theatre, for the first time in America, on Monday, entitled *A Dead Shot*.

Mr. Cowell, now stage manager of the Philadelphia Theatre, has purchased one half of the Broadway Circus, New York, now belonging to Mr. Simpson, and he intends to open next month.

About five o'clock, on Thursday evening week, an explosion of a considerable quantity of gun powder took place in the *property room* of the Park Theatre, New York. A young man was at the time employed in grinding the powder for use in the evening, and was severely injured by the accident. The room was reduced to a heap of ruins. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by a spark from a stove which was near the powder.

The Mount Pitt Circus was opened at New York for the first time last week. It is the largest Theatre in New York, and contains accommodations for between three and four thousand spectators.

The Cincinnati papers contain the warmest commendations of Miss Kelly's singing and performance; she having recovered from the consequences of her fall, which occurred on the first night of her performance in that place, as she was crossing the stage behind the scene, in order to make her entrance on the side opposite the green room, when she unhappily fell through a stage door carelessly left open, and seriously injured herself; she was playing "Letitia Hardy" in Belles Stratagem. This happened on Tuesday evening, the 10th instant.

Mr. Macready is engaged to play at the Montreal Theatre; his performances will commence on the 15th of June.

Kean it appears, is in a still more enfeebled condition than when he left New-York. Whilst playing Richard III. at Drury Lane, he broke down early in the part, and could scarcely drag through till the closing scene, when he fell down in a state of complete exhaustion, and was carried off the stage. Here is a sad wreck of health, character and talent! A man who might have mingled with the most creditable societies of his country, is a poor broken-down and unrespected player; without money, without health, without friends. The critics cut him up severely, and he appears no longer to be a "star" in the ascendant. He appeared in Othello on the night of the 23d, but it is said he "was generally cold and insipid, dull and monotonous." He was "received on his entrance with great applause, but he was not greeted with much during his performance, and many of his efforts to elicit high approbation in particular parts of the tragedy totally failed. The London audience apparently have at length found out those absurd sort of clap traps."

Mr. Matthews' new entertainment is called, "The Home Circuit or Cockney Adventurers."

Theatrical Management.—The famous actor Elliston, lately became bankrupt as manager of Drury Lane Theatre. In the report of his final examination, on the 4th ult. before the Bankrupt Commissioners, there is the following paragraph:

From the Balance-sheet it appeared that, at the time (1819) when Drury Lane Theatre came into Mr Elliston's possession, he was possessed of property to the amount of 20,000*l*.—that the expenses of the alterations which he had made in the interior of the Theatre, and the full benefit of which continued to the proprietors, amounted to between 30,000*l* and 40,000*l*, inclusive of the current expenditure. His debts now were about 40,000*l* and his available property to meet them, about 15,000*l*.

Parisian Theatres.—In the course of the last year a hundred and seventy new pieces were produced in Paris; being a dozen fewer than in the year preceding.

Macbeth was translated into German in 1826, but was represented at Berlin with little success.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Helfenstein, Mr. SAMUEL GREAR, to Miss SARAH, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Whiteman, all of Spring garden.

On Sunday, the 22d inst. by the Rev. M. B. Roche, Mr. ELIHU D. TARR, late of Baltimore, to Miss MARY GEORGE KINGSTON, of this city, youngest daughter of Captain Simon Kingston, late of the U. S. Navy.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Benjamin Allen, Mr. WILLIAM BURTON, jun. of Lewistown, Del. to Miss CATHARINE ANN, daughter of Mr. Jacob Smith, of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schaffer, Mr. DANIEL HERDENBOCK, to Miss MARY ANN MORGAN, all of this city.

On Tuesday morning, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Sutgreaves, EDMUND P. BANKS, Editor of the Belvidere Apollo, to Miss SARAH D. BROWNE, daughter of the late William J. Browne, Esq. formerly of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Lewis Pease, Mr. WILLIAM GRIFFIN, jr. to Miss DEBORAH BAXTER, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. at Norristown, Pa. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JEHU WOODWARD, of Philadelphia county, to Miss KEZIA HENRY, of Montgomery county.

On Monday evening, November 6, 1826, by the Rev. Elisha Cushman, Mr. THOMAS SHARPE, to MARY JOSEPHINE, daughter of the late Mr. Francis Harrison, merchant, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Jester, Captain LEONARD SHORT, to the amiable Miss ELIZA DUTTON, all of Milton, Del.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Jester, JOHN R. EVANS, to the amiable Miss LUCY CAREY, all of Milton, Del.

On the 19th inst. at Shrewsbury, N. J. THOMAS T. BORDEN, of Hoboken, N. J. to SUSAN, daughter of Jacob Corlies, Esq. of the former place.

On Thursday evening, the 29th ult. by Amos Hye, Esq. Mr SHERIDEN DOWLAND, to the amiable Miss SUSANNA CLARK, all of Nottingham, Chester county, Penn.

On the 26th ult. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. NATHANIEL G. M'CULLOUGH, to Miss LOUISA WONDERLY.

On the 26th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL, to Miss PHEBE SWAIM, all of Delaware county.

DIED.

On the 24th inst. after a painful and lingering illness, MARY TANNER, wife of Benjamin Tanner, aged 48 years.

On Wednesday evening, after a long and painful illness, MARIA P. HOFFMAN, aged 31 years.

On the 26th inst. after a lingering illness, ELIZABETH J. daughter of Jacob Smedley.

On the 4th inst. Miss ELIZABETH BRUSSTAR, aged 50 years.

On Monday morning, the 23d inst. aged 84 years, ABRAHAM MITCHELL, Esq. inspector of staves and heading, for the Port of Philadelphia.

On Monday evening, ANN MARIE, daughter of John D. Young.

On the morning of the 24th inst. Mr. JACOB HUFF, aged 35 years.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. Mrs. JEMIMA GREEN, relict of the late Rev. Samuel R. Green.

On the 23d inst. WILLIAM SHEPPARD, infant Son of James B. Scott.

On the 21st inst. EMMA LIVINIA, infant daughter of Charles Barting.

On the 21st inst. THEODORE, infant son of Andrew M. Provost.

On the 28th of July, 1826, at Milan, Ohio, at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. George Minnis, formerly of N. Y. Miss MARGARET CRAIG, aged 35 years, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. HESTER COULTER, widow of Thomas Coulter, Esq. deceased, of Sussex county, Del. aged 65 years.

On the 12th inst. on the Pocono Mountain, beyond Easton, Pa. at the house of Mr. William Bell, and on his way to Philadelphia, Dr. JOHN M'LYNN, of that city, aged 31 years. It will be a satisfaction to his friends throughout the United States to learn, that every attention was paid to his illness, and every respect to his funeral that humanity and hospitality could suggest. This is to the gentleman has been in a variable state of health since the late service of the fair sex. Supposing, the tendency of our highlands might be beneficial, he lately removed to Susquehanna county. Dr. Lynn was a pupil of Physic's, and he never earnestly pursued the practice of a profession he intimately studied; principally from a diffidence of abilities which all admired. With him the term, its societies and retirement, were a long ambition.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total
Philadelphia,	29	28	57
New-York,	53	40	93
Baltimore,	10	16	25

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship Delaware, Hamilton, 51 days, Liverpool, mdze.
— Ruth & Mary, Tubbs, 4 days, New York, mdze.
— John & Edward, Hoyt, 50 days, Gibraltar, fruit, &c.
Brig Palm, Lincoln, 12 days, Boston, mdze.
— Chase, Robbins, Marseilles, 60 days, and 68 days, Gibraltar.
— Mansa, Davis, 19 days, Halifax, mdze.
— Americus, Moore, 14 days, St. Jago de Cuba, mdze.
— Atlantic, Bailey, 64 days, Messina, fruit, &c.
— Pilot, Milton, 5 days, Boston, mdze.
— John Decatur, Frisbie, 8 days, Portsmouth, mdze.
— Neptune, Sturbird, 20 days, St. Jago de Cuba, mdze.
— Billow, Lincoln, 70 days, Rochelle, brandy.
— Mary & Susan, Pool, 8 days, Wilmington, lumber.
Schr. Henry Waring, Lambert, 4 days, Washington, N. C. cotton.
— Fair Play, Scott, 4 days, Wilmington, N. C. cotton.
— Mary Ann, Giberson, 5 days, Charleston, mdze.
— Suky, Matthews, 7 days, Boston, mdze.
— Ruby, Lioncklin, 9 days, Matanzas, mdze.
— John, Follansbee, 25 days, New Orleans, via New York, molasses.
— Peace, Lincoln, 10 days, Hingham, mdze.
— Messenger, Hall, 5 days, Providence, mdze.
— Hope, Lockwood, 8 days, Norfolk, mdze.
— Farmers' Ingenuity, Petit, 5 days, Baltimore, mdze.
— Three Friends, Baker, 3 days, Folly Landing, mdze.
— Greek, Cobb, 6 days, Plymouth, N. C. naval stores.
— General Putnam, Lunt, 6 days, Boston, mdze.
— Fulton, Metz, 9 days, St. John, E. F. timber.
— Joseph Meads, Dawes, 18 days, Laguira, mdze.
— Elizabeth Spicer, Watson, 2 days, Indian river, mdze.
— Philadelphia, Leaming, 8 days, Newbern, N. C. cotton.
— Splendid, Day, 20 days, New Orleans, via lake Ponchartrain.
— Eclipse, Sharp, 13 days, Laguira, indigo, coffee, &c.
— Cent, Burgess, 12 days, Boston, mdze.
— Ellen, Stewart, 7 days, New York, mdze.
— Little John, Blackman, 3 days, New York, mdze.
— Comet, Hutchens, 4 days, Suffolk, shingles.
— Centurion, Pierpont, 3 days, New York, mdze.
— Mount Pleasant, Chandler, 3 days, New York, mdze.
— Abira, Hall, 6 days, Providence, mdze.
— Cygnet, Steelman, 4 days, New York, mdze.
— Lovely Hope, Loring, Boston, mdze.
— Enterprize, De Groot, 6 days, New York, mdze.
— Emulus, Mayo, 5 days, Wilmington, N. C. naval stores.
— Diana, Briggs, New York, mdze.
— Chancellor, Doyle, 8 days, New York, mdze.
— Odin, Weeks, 5 days, Charleston, cotton.
— Forrester, Byram, 20 days, St. Jago de Cuba, molasses.
— Citizen, Baker, 14 days, St. John, N. B. fish
Sloop Union, Gardner, 3 days, Nantucket, oil and candles.
— Prince Maurice, Tobman, 7 days, N. C. cotton.
— William Henry, Wellman, 9 days, Savannah, cotton.
— Constitution, Teal, 3 days, Richmond, mdze.
— Cynthia Cumbus, Hackney, 8 days, New York, mdze.
— Ploughboy, Brown, 10 days, Newburyport, mdze.
— Rowen, Raley, 9 days, New London, mdze.
— Catharine & Elizabeth, Fabian, 6 days, Charleston, cotton.
— Boston Packet, Taylor, 3 days, New York, mdze.

CLEARED.

Ship Globe, Dixey, Liverpool.
Brigs Superior, Ellis, Wilmington, N. C.; Edward Thompson, Hopkins, South America; Orbit, Green, New Orleans; Hampton, Stone, New Orleans; Eugene, Dodge, Leghorn; Zelia, Crosby, Havana.
Schrs. Chase, Remington, Tampico; Mexico, Pepper, Boston; Richmond, Hand, Richmond; Herald, Hall, Providence, R. I.; Luther & Sally, Bascroft, Alexandria; Glenmar, Coding, Portland; Tassal, Harrison, Port au Platt; Bold Commander, Bostwick, Savannah; Socrates, Ryder, New York; Cent, Burgess, Halifax; Lovely Hope, Loring, Boston; Comet, Hutchins, Suffolk.
Sloops Florence, Reap, Baltimore; Betsey, Bassett, Fredericksburg; Reaper, Crowell, New York; Constitution, Somers, Richmond.

THEATRE.

MISS WARREN'S Fourth Appearance.

THIS EVENING, April 28.

Will be presented the celebrated Comedy, in 5 acts, called

JOHN BULL.

Peregrine, (first time,)	Mr. Wood
Job Thornberry,	Mr. Jefferson
Mary Thornberry,	Miss Warren

To which will be added the favourite Farce, in one act, called the

RENDEZVOUS;
OR, HIDE AND SEEK.

THEATRE.

MR. JEFFERSON

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that his Benefit will take place on Monday, the 30th, on which occasion Miss E. Jefferson will make her first appearance. april 28—3t*

MR. FORREST'S BENEFIT.

MR. FORREST respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his Benefit will take place on Tuesday evening next, 1st of May, when Mr. EDWIN FORREST will appear for the first time in this city in the character of VIRGINIUS, and MISS WARREN will make her fourth appearance as Virginia. For further particulars see bills of the day. april 28—3t*

MR. WEMYSS

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that his Benefit will take place on Thursday, the 3d of May, when will be presented a favourite Comedy and other entertainments. ☞ The Box Book will be opened on Wednesday morning. april 28—3t

NOTICE.

TO MECHANICS, ARTISANS, &c.

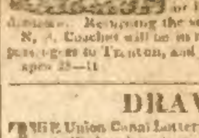
AN adjourned meeting of Mechanics, Artisans, &c. will be held on Monday evening, 30th inst. at the School Room back of No. 3 South Fourth street, for the purpose of forming a Library and Reading Room and it is particularly requested that all those who are favourable to the diffusing of knowledge by such means, will attend as a Constitution for the government thereof will be presented for adoption. april 28—1t*

Canton Crape Shawls, &c. &c.

JUST received by the Subscriber a beautiful assortment of plain and small bordered white Canton Crape Shawls, 4-4 and 5-4 plain white and coloured Crape Scarfs, Canton Crapes and Robe Dresses, satin long and short unbleached, mist and white cotton Hose, long, women's white and black cotton and silk Hose, Sarsnets, Bombazets, fine twilled black Bombazetts and Everlastings, for coatees, Vestings, &c. All of which are offered at the lowest prices.

THOMAS RHOADS,
No. 44 South Second street, between Market and Arch. april 28—3t

NOTICE.



On Sunday next, April 29th, at 9 o'clock, the fast sailing packet PENNSYLVANIA, Capt. Reeves, will leave Arch street wharf, at 9 o'clock, A. M. for Burlington, Bristol and Fordsdenne. Returning the same evening.

N. B. Coaches will be in readiness at Bristol to convey passengers to Trenton, and return in time for the boat. apr 28—1t

DRAWING.

THE Union Canal Lottery, 28 h class, will be drawn on Wednesday afternoon, the 2d of May, at four o'clock. YATES & M'INTYRE,
april 28—1t Managers.

On Wednesday next.

THE 28th class, UNION CANAL LOTTERY, will be drawn in this city, 68 balls—nine drawn.—The following prizes will then be distributed.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		10,000 DOLLARS
1	of	2,000 DOLLARS
1	of	1,500 DOLLARS
1	of	1,206 DOLLARS
10	of	1,000 DOLLARS
10	of	500 DOLLARS
20	of	250 DOLLARS
51	of	100 DOLLARS
102	of	50 DOLLARS
103	of	20 DOLLARS

Whole Tickets $4—Halves 2—Quarters $1—Eighths 50 cents. For tickets and shares to obtain the capital prizes, apply to JOHN DOLBY,
City Lottery and Exchange Office, N. E. corner of Chesnut and Fourth streets. april 28—1t

ALL PERSONS

INDEBTED to the Estate of JOHN M. LYNN, M. D. deceased, or to the firm of John & Samuel M. Lynn, are hereby requested to present their accounts, duly attested, to Richard Ewell, Point-no-Point, and those having claims against the same, will apply to the Subscriber, No. 180 North Fourth street. S. M. LYNN.
april 28—6t*

TURTLE SOUP,

ON TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS & SATURDAYS, AT 11 O'CLOCK.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the pub lic generally, that he will commence on the first of May, for all the season, on the days above mentioned, making TURTLE SOUP. He informs those who may favor him with their custom, that nothing shall be spared to have the best Turtles the market can afford. N. B. Families may be supplied by calling at his Oyster Cellar, at the hours above mentioned, No. 162 CHESNUT STREET.

☞ CLAM SOUP on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. LOUIS GODBOUT.
april 28—1t

Apprentice Wanted.

WANTED as an apprentice at the Ladies Shoe Making business, a lad about 15 or 16 years of age—he must come well recommended, none else need apply. Such a one may find a place where he will have an opportunity of learning his trade well, and be otherwise suitably provided for. Enquire at No. 14 Lombard street. april 28—3t*

Page's Patent Medal Stove.

THIS Patent Right for sale for any of the States exclusively, except Pennsylvania.

The stove is the best hitherto known for burning Anthracite Coal for culinary purposes, that will bake, roast and boil three pots of any size at the same time, without burning or creating any steam or smell whatever.

To be seen at the Inventor's

JOSEPH PAGE,
april 28—3t No. 111, Filbert street near Eleventh.

PLAID CLOAKS.

JOHN CULIN & SON, No. 14 Market st. ext. offer a large assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Cloaks, low for cash or acceptances. april 28—3t

SCYTHES & SICKLES.

BARTLETT, PASSMORE & WALLS } Cast Steel SCYTHES
HARRIS'S (S. H.) Grass and Grain SCYTHES,
STEYERMARK SCYTHES,
KERLIN'S Shear Steel Pennsylvania and Jersey SICKLES,
RHOADS' Dolby and Minsicker Scythe STONES,
GOODYEAR'S Sprig Steel Hay and Manure FORKS,
Rakes, Scythe Snaeds, &c.

For sale by the Subscribers at their general Ironmongery Store, No. 57 MARKET STREET.

SHIPLEY & BARTRAM.
april 28—1t

BY J. BILLINGS.

FURNITURE SALE.

On Tuesday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at No. 178 North Ninth street,

CONSISTING of Beds, Bedsteads, fancy and windsor Chairs, mahogany and other Tables, one Turcan Carpet and Rug, large Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, with a quantity of kitchen furniture, &c. &c.
april 24—1t*

PUBLIC VENDUE.

Will be sold, on MONDAY, April 30th, 1827, at 10 o'clock, in Beach street at the upper end of Kensington Market House, east side.

THE contents of a large Foundry, consisting of:—A complete Boring and Turning Mill, 1 Sidelay, 1 horse Mill with a complete Cylinder, Wheel Iron, Seconds and Pinions, 2 cylinder Bellows with scraps, in good order, with the blower, clock pullies, &c. in complete order, 1 Cupola, first rate, in good order, 4 double Ch

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are women that wont work, like the lilies of the valley.
2. Why is a blood horse like a waiter.
3. Why is an unfruitful piece of ground like an English title.
4. What comes to the table that is always cut and never eat.
5. Why is the letter K. like a rainy Saturday.
6. Why is M. in timid like your nose.
7. Put red nuts and gin in one word.

J. S. D.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

No. XV.

Botanic Name } AGRIMONIA EUPATORIA.
English Name } *Common Agrimony,*
French Name } *Aigremoine Commune.*

A common plant, both in North America and Europe; found wild in fields, near streams, and in woods from New England to Missouri. It is not very conspicuous, and rather medical than ornamental.

Agrimonia is an old name, and Eupatoria another derived from an ancient king. The genus belongs to Declecandria of Linnæus; but the number of Stamina vary from 12 to 18. Its natural order is among the Rose tribe or ROSACEA. It blossoms in summer; producing long slender spikes of small yellow flowers.

The whole plant is slightly scented, and is a mild astringent, making a pleasant tea, useful in coughs, asthmas, and bowel complaints.

Root perennial. Stem rising one or two feet. Leaves compound, pinnate, interrupted, or with several unequal leaflets, some large and some small between them, oval acute, deeply serrated. The spike of yellow flowers, is simple, calyx bristly, 5 petals, 2 styles. The fruit is a prickly burr with 2 seeds, often sticking fast to the clothes when ripe.

It may be the emblem of SLENDER MERIT, united to IMPORTUNITY.

From a late English publication.

MELLE SONTAG,

Is one of the loveliest, as well as the sweetest, singers that has appeared for a long time. She is said to have been born in France: She is at present engaged at Berlin. In four months, the King's Theatre, in London, will enjoy her presence, and in a year she will appear for the second time, at the Italian Theatre of Paris. Now, can you guess, ladies and gentlemen, to what cause you owe the pleasure of hearing this singer, and to what you may probably owe the pain of never hearing her on the stage again? To a passion; a passion the most lively in its nature, the most profound, in fact absolutely German. The young gentleman whom Melle. S. has inspired with such tender feelings, Lady Fame, hitherto the most discreet of females, has informed us is a German, heir to one of the first families in Prussia, the Prince de Hardenberg. We have not learned whether the fair object of his love returns it. The following is the story that has been given to us:—The young prince had no sooner beheld Mademoiselle Sontag in the theatre at Berlin, than he became distractedly in love with her. He offered her his heart—his fortune—and his hand; but she would accept of none of them, without the consent of his family. The Prince having received a formal refusal from his father, fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him. He renewed his entreaties, but with the same success, and finished at length by writing to his father, that he would never act against his will, but that not being able to exist without the woman he loved, he was determined to put an end to his sufferings, by ridding himself of his life. If the recital that has been made to us, be not unfaithful, the father, who is much attached to his only son, but who partakes of those prejudices which are united in the ancient German nobility with great simplicity of manners, answered him, in a very affecting letter, that nothing in the world would make him consent, whilst he lived, to the dishonour of his name, by a *mesalliance*—that it was he who ought to quit a life, the termination of which was approaching, and that if the prince persisted in his project, he would speedily by that means place him at liberty to attain it. The son, without renouncing his love, sacrificed it to a more sacred duty. The affair came to the ears of the King of Prussia, of whom the father is one of the most faithful servants. His majesty summoned him to his presence—spoke to him with kindness—and, without participating in his prejudices of birth, he requested him to observe, that if, as every thing announced, the conduct of Melle. Sontag was irreproachable and even exemplary, there could be no dishonour in his son marrying her, since his passion was so violent; that it would not be the first time that the heir of a great name had raised an actress to a level with himself; but proposed to submit the one to a trial of absence, and the other to a trial of the allurements of life. It appears that the King of Prussia is exactly informed of the allurements that are to be met with in Paris and London, for he resolved that Madame Sontag should enter upon her trials in France, and finish them in England; and hitherto admirers have, doubtless, not been wanting. This is the reason why Melle. Sontag was heard at Paris, and this is the reason you are to hear her in London. We have heard it added, that emissaries charged to watch over her conduct, and to render a faithful account of all her doings, watched her day and night during her sojourn in France, and that no imprudence, no levity, on her part, has yet furnished a pretext for the slightest doubtful report; so, that in a very short time, she will be seen no more on those boards of which she might be, one day, the brightest ornament.

ANTIPATHIES.

Henry III. of France, could not stay in the room where there was a CAT; though so immoderately fond of noos, that the Duke de Sully says, on his first audience, he had a basket full of young puppies suspended by a black string from his neck, and was playing with them all the time of the conference. The Duke d'Epernon would faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert could not endure a wild boar, nor a sucking pig. Ulidislus, King of Poland, was distracted at the sight of apples. Nor could Erasmus even smell fish without being greatly agitated. Scaliger trembled at the sight of water cresses. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs sink under him, when he met either a hare or a fox. Bacon swooned at the eclipse of the moon; and Boyle fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock. James I. could not endure the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, 'that the King's hand shook so much in knighting him, that he would have run the point of the sword into his eye, if the Duke of Buckingham had not directed it to his shoulder.' La Motte de Veyer could not endure music, but delighted in thunder. An Englishman in the 17th century, was nearly expiring whenever the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him; and a Spaniard, about the same period, fell into the *syncope* when he heard the word *lana* (wool) mentioned, though his coat was made of that substance.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

The following is true. When the war of extermination between the Indians and Kentuckians was at its height, those who inhabited the back parts of the State of Kentucky, were obliged to have their houses built very strong, with loop holes all around; and doors always fastened so as to repel any attack from the Indians. While the owner of one of these domestic fortresses was with his slaves, at work on the plantation, a negro who was posted near the house, saw approaching a party of Indians. He immediately ran to the house, and the foremost Indian after him. The Indian was the fleetest, and as the door opened to admit the negro, they both jumped in together. The other Indians being some distance behind, the door was instantly closed by the planter's wife within, when the Indian and negro grappled. Long and hard was the struggle, for as in the case of Fitz James and Rod rick Dhu, the one was the strongest and the other more expert, but strength this time was the victor, for they fell, the Indian below; when the negro placing his knees on his breast, and holding his hands, kept him in that position, until the woman, seizing a broad axe, and taking the Indian by his long hair, at one blow severed his head from his body. The negro, then seizing the guns, fired them at the other Indians, which as fast as discharged, were loaded again by the planter's wife, until the party from the field hearing the firing, arrived, and the Indians took to flight.

GUNS.

The invention of guns is indisputably German, and was produced in this manner: One Barthoe schwatis, a friar, in making chemical experiments, mixed saltpetre and brimstone with other ingredients, and set them upon a fire in a crucible; but a spark getting into it, the pot immediately broke, with great violence and noise; which event surprised him at first, but he repeated his experiment, and finding the effect constant, set himself to work to improve it; for which purpose he caused an iron pipe to be made, with a small hole to fire at; and putting in some of his ingredients, together with small stones, set fire to it, and found it answered his expectations in penetrating all before it. This happened about the year 1333, and was soon improved to the making of great ordnance, &c.

CONCEALED AFFECTION.

A young person, dying of grief, at being obliged to part from her lover, must affect the mind of sensibility more than instances of madness from excess of love.

The daughter of Mrs. * * * *, who kept a hotel, was accomplished and beautiful; and to the charms of her person, united the most interesting qualities.—This young female, who had neither coquetry, nor self-love, nor weakness, to reproach herself with, though she was extremely pretty, could not protect her heart against the lovely physiognomy, and above all, against the merit of a student in medicine; she concealed her passion with such care that no one perceived it; not even him who was the happy object of it. This attachment, as estimable as rare, lasted several years; at the end of which the young man returned to his native country.

At the time of his departure, he presented himself to take leave of his hostess; the mother, observing that her daughter was very serious, and stood aside, said to her, "why then, Miss, don't you wish the gentleman a good journey, with whom we have had so much reason to be satisfied?" This interesting young female who was endeavoring to hide the anguish of her heart, drew near the object whom she secretly loved more than life, and, in embracing him, in an affecting tone of voice, said—*Adieu Sir!* These words made so mournful an impression upon her, and increased her passion to such a degree, that she suddenly lost the use of speech, and died three days after, pronouncing in a feeble tone, *Adieu Sir!!*

LAW-MAKERS ARE LAW-BREAKERS.

Nicius Erytheus quotes a proverb, importing that there are three sort of men who make almost no use of the laws they prescribe to others. Nobody swerves more from the law in practice than a lawyer; nobody observes the regimen of health less than a physician; nobody fears the remorse of conscience less than a divine. You will find in the original the exception which the author has made. He does not relate the thing as jesters commonly do. They say, that the lawyers who advise others so much to go to law, seldom go to law themselves; that physicians who prescribe so much physic to their patients, take but little themselves; and that divines who set down so many articles of faith for others, believe but few themselves.

Art. Buccolini—Bayle's Hist. Dict.

Napoleon frequently manifested such an acquaintance with legal knowledge as to astonish his ministers. At length Fricdhard took the liberty of asking the Emperor how he became so familiar with law, considering that his whole life had been passed in camps? The reply was, that when Bonaparte was a lieutenant he had been put under arrest and confined in a room where there was no furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and a cupboard; in the cupboard was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest. It was a digest, and as he had no paper, pens, nor pencils, he considered the book as a valuable prize. 'It was so voluminous,' said he, 'and so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that had I been confined a hundred years I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman Legislators. Thus I picked up my knowledge of civil law, with which I so often trouble you.'

SOUTH AMERICAN TOILET.

While I was sitting on a horse's head, writing by the blaze of the fire, I saw two girls dressing for the ball. They were standing near a stream of water which was running at the back of the hut. After washing their faces they put on their gowns, and then twisting up their hair in a very simple pretty way, they picked by the light of the moon, some yellow flowers which were growing near them.—These they put fresh into their hair, and when this simple toilette was completed, they looked as interesting, and as nicely dressed, as if "the carriage was to have called for them at eleven o'clock;" and in a few minutes, when I returned to the hall, I was happy to see them each with a partner.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

COST IS PLEASURE.

Wine may be too cheap for jollity; where the best wine is three pence a bottle, there is no hospitality in giving it, and no one thinks of finishing the bottle, which is a great principle of jollity, any more than of emptying the water bottle in the bedroom: he takes a glass or two, or three, or more, and leaves the rest with perfect indifference. When a gentleman helps himself in England to toast and water, or table beer, neither Mr. President nor Mr. Vice, how jocund soever these officers may be, roars out thus from the top of the table, or from the bottom, "come fill fair! No heeltaps! No dry lips!" So it is where wine is as cheap as small beer. The minimum for jollity ought to be, perhaps, one shilling a bottle for gentlemen's wine: let the plebeian warm his veins with coarser liquor at a cheaper rate.—*Journal of a Traveller.—London Magazine.*

He that would gather the roses of matrimony, should wed in the May of life. If you wish only the withered leaves and thorns, why put it off till September. "Procrastination is the thief of time."

The accurate time the sun has kept for six thousand years, is alone unerring evidence of an Almighty Maker, and still sustaining regulation.

Civility is the cheapest, and yet the most acceptable commodity in the bazaar of life.

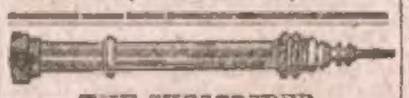
A Spanish Priest, delivering a sermon on the temptation in the wilderness, said, when the devil took Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple, and bade him cast himself down, he replied, "Thank you, *my friend*, I have a better stair-case to go down by." Being told after the service that he had made our Saviour call the devil his friend, he took it so much to heart that he died.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE BOUQUET.—Tune, "*Carrier Pigeon.*"

Here's a Rose, I have cull'd from the brier,
And a Lily from off the green bank,
And a violet, purer and brighter,
The mellifluous dew never drank:
All three I have knotted together,
A bouquet for my sweetest to make,
Their tri-colour'd charms ne'er sever,
But wear them, dear girl, for my sake.

The Rose leaf in anger turns redder,
When beat by the blush of thy cheek,
The Lily with envy grows paler,
When rival'd by the snow of thy neck;
The Violet only, unsullied,
Retains pure the true lover's dye,
'Twas for this very reason I pull'd it,
And breathed on it love's warm sigh.

The Rose is the emblem of honour,
The Lily is the symbol of truth,
The Violet smiling upon her,
Is a beautiful type, too, of youth;
Then wear them, dear girl, in your bosom,
That rivals the snow-drop in hue,
Truth, honour and youth, never loose them;
Combin'd they're the emblem of you.



THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS always for sale, a handsome assortment of Ever Pointed Pencils of superior make. Likewise, Silver Pencil Cases of all kinds, Tooth Picks, Tweezers, &c. ALSO, Gold and Silver Pens, Thimbles and Fancy Jewellery of every description, which he will sell wholesale and retail at the very lowest cash prices.

JOHN C. FARR,

No. 72 Market street, one door below Third st.

A supply of Leads for the above pencils always on hand. march 3—6m

School Books and Stationary.

STORY of Jack Halyard, the Sailor Boy, or the victorious Family, designed for American children in families and schools, published and for sale by Uriah Hunt, 177 Market street, price 31 cents.

Also The Traveller's Guide, or Pocket Gazetteer of the United States, with an appendix containing a description of some of the principal places in Canada, with tables of distances of places, the population, commerce, Revenue, public debt, principal Canals, and various Institutions in the United States, illustrated by a map by Jedidiah Morse, and Richard Colleon. Price 75 cents.—With a general assortment of books and stationary. Teachers, Country Merchants and others supplied on liberal terms. April 14—4t

HIGHEST PRIZE $10,000!!!

Union Canal Lottery,

Twenty-eighth Class—New Series.

YATES & M'INTYRE, MANAGERS.

TO be drawn in this city on the 2d day of May next. Whole Tickets, $4. Halves, $2. Quarters, $1. Eighths, 50 cents. For sale at

ROBERTSON & LITTLE'S,

No. 43, South Third street, and No. 28, Market street, Wilmington, Del.

Who sold the Capital Prize of $10,000 in the 26th Class, Union Canal Lottery—besides several Capitals in the last Union Canal. Cash always advanced for Prizes on demand, &c. &c. April 14 3t

TO JOB PRINTERS.

RED & BLUE INK, of a superior quality, warranted not to settle, and to work clear.

J. HOWE.

march 17—tf Corner of Crown & Callowhill sts.

Scott's Commentary, vol. 3d.

IS now ready for delivery to subscribers. Apply to J. HOWE,

Corner of Crown and Callowhill streets.

N. B. Subscribers in a remote part of the city will be waited upon in a few days. april 7—tf

Hydrants, Lead and Iron Pipes.

ROWLEY AND ALBURGER, PLUMBERS,

NORTH WEST corner of Decatur and Carpenter streets, directly in rear of the Arcade, have constantly on hand, small iron pipes, and lead pipes of all sizes of their manufacture, all of which will be fixed on reasonable terms. Hydrants of all kinds made and repaired. April 14—6m

EVAN C. SMITH

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he proposes to take eight boys, to be instructed in the elementary branches of a useful and polite English education; comprising writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar and elocution, at thirty dollars per quarter, washing included. Stationary supplied at the usual price. Reference may be had by applying to Mr. John Owen, Teacher, 131 Lombard street, to Mr. Leonard R. White, or to Mr Burwell, in 6th street, near Prune. April 14—7t*

TAKE NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Josiah Small, late of the Township of Oxford, Philadelphia county, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims, are requested to present their accounts for settlement unto

AARON WALTON, } Executors.
JABEZ SMALL, }

April 14—3t*

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Stevenson and Ezra Crosdale, in the wheelwright and lumber business, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. By deed, dated 2d, 1827.

STEVENSON CROSDALE.
April 14—3t* EZRA CROSDALE.

JANE R. BURD

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public in general, she has removed her Confectionary business from No. 108 Chesnut street, near Fifth street, to No. 103 Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, to the house lately occupied by Mr. Townsend, clock and watch maker, immediately opposite Poulson's Office; where she has to let two rooms on the first floor which would, (on account of the central and public situation,) suit an artist, a seminary, or many other branches of business. April 14—tf

YATES' OFFICE,

No. 127 CHESNUT STREET.

UNION CANAL TICKETS, in the 28th class, to be drawn on the 2d of May next, are selling rapidly at 4 dollars. At the drawing of this Lottery prizes will be distributed to the amount of

102,660 DOLLARS.

AT YATES' OFFICE, was sold in the last Union Canal Lottery, 4 prizes of $1000, and 3 of 500, with many of 100, 50, 30 and 10, &c.

Orders from abroad covering the cash or prize tickets, in any of the current Lotteries, thankfully received and promptly attended to april 7—tf

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between John Terry and William Rhoades, Carpenters and Joiners, under the Firm of TERRY & RHOADES, was dissolved on the 2d of April, inst.

april 14—3t* WILLIAM RHOADES

CLARK & CHESNUT,

BOOKBINDERS and paper rulers, over No. 23 Market street, Philadelphia, where all kinds of Ruling will be done in a superior manner; blank books ruled and bound to any pattern. Likewise, old books repaired and rebound, as above. April14—tf

CHARLES THUM,

CLOCK & WATCHMAKER,

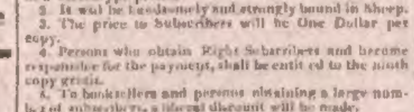
No. 4, North Sixth Street,

Two doors from Market street, west side.

Plaster Paris, Staves, Cypress, Shingles, &c.

PLASTER Paris by the ton,
Do. ground, by the bushel or bbl.
Do. do. for Calcining.
Plastered, cleaned particularly for Druggists,
Do. ground do. do.
40,000 pipe Staves,
100,000 W. O. barrel Staves,
1,000 H. O. hhd. do.
500,000 22 inch Cypress Shingles,
Stave cullings, well assorted of every description,
Wine, a few cases very choice Old Madeira,
Do. do. Royal Port,
Segars, a few cases very superior Havana. For sale by
CHARLES WHARTON, Jr.
april 7—4t* Christian street wharf, Southwark.

FARE REDUCED TO $4.



Citizens' Line for New York,

THROUGH IN ONE DAY.

Via Bordentown and Washington, 24 miles land carriage, in connection with the steam boats PENNSYLVANIA and CONGRESS.

THE steam boat PENNSYLVANIA, Captain Kellum, leaves Arch street wharf every morning, (Sunday excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. for Burlington, Bristol and Bordentown. Passengers for New York will take Coach from Bordentown to Washington, 24 miles, and there take the steam boat CONGRESS, Capt. Degraw, and arrive in New York early the same afternoon.

Fare through only $4.

For seats, apply at the steam boat Office, No. 8 Arch street, corner of Front, or of the Captain on board of the boat, at Arch street Wharf.

☞ All baggage at the risque of its owners.

N. B. Coaches will be in waiting on the arrival of the Boat at Bristol to take passengers to Trenton, and return again in time to take the boat to Philadelphia.

march 24—tf

WATTS & RIPPON.

DAVID CLARK, respectfully informs the public that he is publishing a second edition of that valuable Hymn Book published by Messrs. Anderson & Meehan, in the year 1819, containing in one volume the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, as arranged by Dr. Rippon's selection. Two hundred pages of the work are already stereotyped. The propriety of including both these works in one volume will appear, when it is considered that Dr. Rippon originally designed his Selection to be an appendix to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts. As to form, the second edition will differ from the first, in being printed with large type, and on a larger page. As to matter, no alteration whatever will be made, either in the Hymns or their arrangement, but into the Indexes of the work a valuable improvement will be introduced.

In the first edition there was 4 distinct sets of Indexes of first lines of Scriptures and of subjects for the two parts of the work. In the present edition the Indexes of the Selection will, without any omission, be incorporated with those of the arrangement, so as to have one complete set of Indexes for the whole volume.

CONDITIONS.

1. The work will be embellished with a vignette title, and portraits of Watts and Rippon.

2. The above work will be printed on fine paper, from new Stereotype plates.

3. It will be handsomely and strongly bound in Sheep.

4. The price to Subscribers will be One Dollar per copy.

5. Persons who obtain Eight Subscribers and become responsible for the payment, shall be entitled to the ninth copy gratis.

6. To booksellers and persons obtaining a large number of subscribers, a liberal discount will be made.

No. 114 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

☞* The Editors of the Columbian Star, Washington Telegraph and Baltimore Patriot, will please insert this advertisement for one week, and forward their bills to the editor of this paper. jan 27—tf

J. & T. WOOD,

No. 8, NORTH SECOND STREET,

HAVE just received, in addition to their former extensive assortment, the following articles, which they now offer on liberal terms.

Rich figured, shaded and plaid Gros de Nap Ribands,
Rich Gauze Ribands, 7-16 and 7-22,
Gauze Cap Ribands,
Pearl and satin edged Satin and Taffeta Ribands,
White, black and coloured Gros de Nap, plain and watered,
Plaid and figured Gros de Naps,
Rich Ribands, No. 7 and 9,
Rich fancy Ribbs. and Scarfs,
White, black and green double Florence,
Do assorted double and single do.
Green, white and black Crapes and Crape Lisse.
Do. do. Thole Lace,
Black Mode and 7-8 Italian Lutestring,
Figured and plain black and colored Silk Vestings,
4-4 brown Lawn Cambrics,
1-8 and 6-4 do. imitation do.
Linen Cambric Hdkfs.
Canton Crapes, Crape Robes, Shawls and Scarfs,
Black and colored Silk Shawls, 4, 6 and 8-4,
Black and worm-barred Silk Hdkfs. fringed,
Black, white and assorted Garnets and Sewllaws,
Figured and plain 4-4 Bobinett Lace,
Embroidered Bobbinet Veils,
Plain and Embroidered Gauze do.
Bobinet Laces, Frills and Quillings,
A superior assortment of Thread Lace,
Also, 1 case super London single milled drab Cassimeres. march 31—6t

Military Trimming, Coach Lace and Furniture Fringe Manufactory,

No. 22, NORTH THIRD ST. Philadelphia,

(A few doors below the City Hotel, opposite side.)

WHERE is constantly kept on hand for wholesale and retail, on the lowest terms, a complete assortment of Swords, Epaulette Caps and other Military articles, Coach Lace and Furniture Fringe, silk, cotton and worsted Cords, Braids, &c.

☞ Letters from any part of the United States, post paid, will be punctually attended to.

march 31—6m HENRY KORN.

CANARY, MOCKING & RED BIRDS.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and red BIRDS for sale at No. 173 Cherry st. the first house above 4th st. feb 4—1y

THE FEMALE'S SPECIFIC.

☞ *IT HAS NEVER FAILED.* ☜

THIS Medicine, the never failing powers of which can be proved by reference to ladies of the greatest respectability in this city. Can always be had at No. 109, SPRUCE STREET, between Fourth and Fifth, where application can be made *either by letter*, or personally. march 10—6m

PORCELAIN TEETH.

THE Subscribers inform the public that they have succeeded in Manufacturing Porcelain Teeth of a very superior quality, which in form and color, cannot be distinguished from Natural Teeth.

They are prepared to furnish single Teeth, and complete sets, so perfectly fitted to the mouth, as to perform all the functions of the Natural teeth, and of any that may be required.

The superiority of Porcelain Teeth, in beauty, cleanliness and durability, is acknowledged by all who have worn them, and will be manifest on inspection.

Specimens may be seen at their Office, No. 181 Race street. VAN FELT & M'ILHENNEY, Dentists.

N. B. All operations on the Teeth performed in the best manner, and on moderate terms. Dec. 30—tf

Straw Bonnet Manufactory.

MRS. E. HENLEY,

No. 4 NORTH SECOND STREET,

CONTINUES to manufacture Straw and Gimp Cottage Bonnets, of fashionable patterns.

SILK HAS ON HAND.

English Straw Hats of the newest fashion, American Straw and Gimp Cottage Bonnets, Leghorn Flats and Crowns, do. Bolivar Hats, men's and boy's Leghorn, Sea Grass and Manilla Hats, pink, blue, white and black Sarsnet, do. do. Mantuas, gauze, garnitures and other fancy Ribbons, plain Satin and taffety do. piping Cords, and a great variety of Millinery trimmings, Straw Plat and Chain Gimp, by the single yard or larger quantity

N. B. Country Merchants and Milliners supplied on liberal terms. march 24—6t

Fashionable Clothing Store.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favours, takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has now on hand, a very extensive assortment of ready made Clothing of every description, suitable for the season, which he is determined to sell at very reduced prices, for cash, as it is his wish to reduce his stock. Persons wishing to purchase, are requested to call and examine for themselves.

ALSO, a handsome assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of the most fashionable colours, which will be made to order, in the neatest manner, and in the most fashionable style. S. DEWEES,

No. 181 1-2, South Front street, (or Drawbridge.)

march 10—3m

Genuine Wines and Liquors.

DAVID RANKEN.

KEEPS constantly on hand *Wholesale and Retail* at his Store, No. 49 Chesnut street, near Second, and at his *Ware-house*, in Strawberry street—Old Madeira Wine, do. Sherry, do. do. Royal Co. Port do.—Also Old Champagne Brandy, 2d and 4th proof, do. Cognac, do. do. Wesep. Anker Gin, &c. do. Jamaica Rum.

The above Wines and Liquors have been carefully selected from the most approved Brands, and are sold as received from the Importers. april 14—3m

To Book Binders, Copper Plate Printers, &c.

TO rent two or three Rooms in a central situation for business, with very good light. Apply at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, Tit Chesnut street.

april 21—tf

Dr. BECKER'S EYE SALVE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a fresh supply of the above valuable medicine, which he will dispose of Wholesale or Retail, at his Wholesale and Retail Drug and Apothecary Store, north east corner of Third and Callowhill streets. JOSEPH BEVKIRT.

N. B. A liberal allowance made to those who purchase to sell again. april 21—tf

LEVY'S

EXCHANGE and Lottery Office, No. 89 Chesnut st. 3d door below Third.

All kinds of Gold bought and sold. Uncurrent money bought or taken at par for Lottery Tickets.

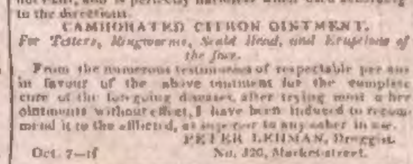
UNION CANAL LOTTERY will draw on the 3d of May.

HIGHEST PRIZE $10,000.

Tickets $4—shares in Proportion.

☞* Orders from abroad promptly attended to, and all Exchange and Lottery information may be obtained gratis. A. J. LEVY.

april 21—tf



BARTLESON & HARMER,

N. E. CORNER OF SECOND & PINE STREET,

HAVE on hand, an extensive assortment of GREEN VENETIAN BLINDS, which they offer low for cash. They also keep a vast number of the most fashionable wool made HATS, of various sizes, equal to any ever offered for sale on this continent. feb 7—tf

CLOTHING STORE.

ASHTON & SON, TAILORS,

No. 16 MARKET-STREET, PHILADA.

OFFER for sale a handsome stock of Seasonable Clothing, consisting in part of Blue, Black, Bronze, Green and Plaid DRESS & COATS; Blue, Brown Claret and Citron Frocks; Drab and Blue Roll Bongup and New Market Coats; Blue, Green and Mixtures Coatees. Pantaloons, Vests, &c. of various qualities, colours and patterns.

Ready-made Linen, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Cravats, Hosiery, &c. together with an elegant assortment of superior Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. which will be made to order, and warranted to fit both MAN and MIND.

Also, On hand a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's CLOAKS.

Wholesale dealers in any of the above articles are invited to call and examine previous to purchasing.

oct. 21—tf

LEHMAN'S PATENT WORM TEA.

THIS most valuable, safe, and effectual remedy needs no other recommendation than a fair trial. Patients have repeatedly assured me, that great numbers of worms have been removed, and the lives of their children preserved by the use of it.—As I am desirous of maintaining the reputation of this very useful medicine, its composition has been particularly attended to. The incredible number of Worms it expels, and the facility with which it restores children from a debilitated to a vigorous state of health, bespeak its high character and intrinsic value, as a remedy calculated for family use; it has been known to restore many children from debility, when worms did not exist, and is perfectly harmless when used according to the directions.

CAMPHORATED CITRON OINTMENT.

For Tetters, Ringworms, Scald Head, and Eruptions of the face.

From the numerous testimonies of respectable persons in favour of the above ointment for the complete cure of the foregoing diseases, after trying most other ointments without effect, I have been induced to recommend it to the afflicted, as superior to any other in use.

PETER LEHMAN, Druggist.

Oct. 7—tf No. 320, Market street.

"Let the trumpet of Fame tell the story."

LAFAYETTE once more triumphantly LUCKY.—The following numbers were drawn in the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, yesterday

41 47 13 39 10 36 58 34 6

13, 41, 47, the grand capital of 20,000 dollars, as usual, was sold at the post office Lucky and Cheap Lafayette Office in shares, one quarter were sold on the 19th inst. but, "as is our custom," we refrain from mentioning names" without permission; we also sold a of 1000 dollars and 3 of 250!! This is only the second 20,000 dollar prize we have sold within four months, not to mention in the last class the highest prize sold in this state, which we sold and paid.

KENNEDY & CO.

43 South Third Street.

* In further to our friend Mr. John Gibbs, we state that one of the quarters was bought by him.

march 31—tf

HIGHEST PRIZE $10,000!!!

Union Canal Lottery

Twenty-eighth Class—New Series.

TO be drawn on the 2d day of May, 1827. Whole Tickets, $4. Halves, $2. Quarters, $1. Eighths, fifty cents. For sale at

WILTBOHN'S

LUCKY GOLD MINE OFFICES,

N. E. Corner of Third & Chesnut streets, and N. E. Corner of Walnut & Second streets.

☞ The following is a list of prizes sold and paid at the Gold Mine Offices, within the last three weeks. Combination, 28, 3... 43, $400. Register, 3376, $1000. Register, 27008, $100. Combinations, 1, 18, 44, $500. Besides a great number of $400, 300, 200, 100, 50, &c.

All Orders from abroad, promptly attended to, if addressed to P. L. WILTBOHN, Philadelphia.

Gibb's Prize List.

DRAWN NUMBERS of the Union Canal Lottery. 27th class, March 28th, 1827.

41 47 13 39 10 36 58 34 6

Com. 13 41 47, a quarter of the capital prize of $20,000
6 34 39, a whole ticket, a prize of 1,000
10 34 39, a half do. do. 1,000
6 34 39, a half do. do. 1,000
6 10 34, a quarter do. do. 1,000
6 10 13, a quarter do. do. 1,000
10 36 41, a quarter do. do. 1,000

2 prizes of $500 and 3 of $250, to nine others of $100, &c. The above prizes were all sold and paid at

GIBBS' Fortunate Office,

No 4 1-2 S. Third st. Philadelphia.

The Twenty Thousand Dollar Prize.

The public is informed that the Ticket which drew the $20,000 prize in the 27th class of the Union Canal Lottery, was owned by the Manager—only two quarters were sold in this city—one of them was bought by JOHN GIBBS, from the Manager on the 23d January, and the other quarter was sold by J. SIDBONS.

april 7—tf J. GIBBS.

LIST OF PRIZES,

SOLD and PAID within the last month at H. DAVIS'S Fortunate Office, No. 3a North Third street, opposite Eagle H's City Hotel.

1	PRIZE OF	$20,000
1	do. do.	8,000
1	do. do.	2,500
5	do. do.	1,000
4	do. do.	500
1	do. do.	400
1	do. do.	200
15	do. do.	100

For capital prizes in the Union Canal Lottery, 27th class, to be drawn on Wednesday 25th of the month. Call at No. 34 NORTH THIRD STREET, opposite Eagle H's, and you are sure to obtain them.

☞ Orders from the country promptly attended to.

march 17—tf

GEORGE W. FARR,

WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR,

No. 208 MARKET STREET,

Next door above the Red Lion Hotel.

HAS received by late arrivals from London an elegant assortment of blue, black, olive, claret, brown, green, brown mixed, and a variety of fancy coloured Cloths and Cassimeres, Fibres, Lewis, Hair & Horse manufacture. Also, a variety of English black and blue Silk Vestings, Barcelona, plain and figured Marseilles, fancy and plain Silk Velvets, Tailoret, Valencia, figured and plain Cravats, plain and ruffled linen and cotton Shirts, Collars, &c. Gloves, Stockings, English and German Silk Handkerchiefs, all of which will be sold from two to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased in the United States. Medical Students, Country Merchants and others visiting the city, will please to call and examine the above.

N. B One years credit will be given to all regular dealers, or a liberal discount for cash. march 24—1y

JOHN D. DAVIS,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CORNER of Market and Front streets, Pittsburgh.—Merchandize received on storage, or forwarded. Liberal advances made on consignments, on which insurance is effected against loss or damage by fire.

march 3—6t*

Next Wednesday Fortnight.

ANOTHER splendid scheme of the UNION CANAL LOTTERY (being the 30th Class) will be drawn in this city. Capital prize, $10,000. Whole tickets only $4. Halves, $2. Quarters, $1. Eighths, 50 cents: may be had at CORINE'S Successful Office, No. 3 South Third street.

☞ Prize Tickets and uncurrent notes of most descriptions taken in payment for tickets at par.

April 14—tf

ANODYNE PLASTER.

A n Plaster curing pain, which its name imports. We hope this "*Anodyne Plaster*" has not a superior. In *Rheumatic, Gouty* and other topical affections, including pains of the *face*, this Plaster spread on soft leather or linen will operate promptly and effectually. A small quantity on flannel or cotton introduced into a hollow tooth when achingness like a charm. Applied to Abscess or Bruises it operates on a discutient and tonic analyser, and is peculiarly adapted to the relief of that excruciating disease named *Phlegmasia Dolens*. It is also one of the best applications for Burns and Scalds.

Price 75 cents each pot, with a liberal discount to those who purchase to sell again. For sale by

WILLIAM BAKER,

No 6 North Fifth street.

Annexed is a certificate from a most respectable medical gentleman of this city.

"Knowing the composition of thy Anodyne Plaster and having witnessed its effects, I am free to recommend it as likely to be beneficial, not only in those cases specified, but more generally." "Thy friend"

(Signed) "EDWIN A. ATLEE, M. D."

"Philadelphia, 3d mo. 31st, 1827."

"To William Baker."

Also—COUGH LOZENGES.

Many pectoral preparations are going the rounds, many of which are objectionable, either on account of their enormous doses, or of the spirit which is found to be their common basis. These Lozenges almost exclusively of vegetable composition, are void of opium, or any other narcotic and may therefore be taken at pleasure by patients labouring under severe coughs, or those confirmed, where it is found difficult to discharge the phlegm for expectoration. The Nauseating Lozenges which accompany, are taste and at odds to them, one of which may be taken every night and morning, either weak or without a dose of laudanum, according to the urgency the of symptoms.

N. B. There being about one-third of a grain of tartarized antimony in each of the Nauseating Lozenges, they will prove very proper emetics for children. Price 75 cts For sale as above. WILLIAM BAKER.

april 7—cowtf

PATENT

DIVITIAL INVENTION.

THIS Invention, for which Letters Patent of the United States were obtained by C. S. RAFINESQUE, dated 23d August, 1826, imparts or restores to Values safely invested, the properties of available Money, so as to make them answer the double purpose of a profitable investment, and a circulating medium at gold or better than gold or silver coin, besides receiving a particular increased value. It enables to convert every Stock, Deposit, Pledge or Loan, either of money, property, or labour into a valid and susceptible currency, by rendering their intrinsic value divisible, convertible, transmissible, exchangeable, durable, increasable, of small bulk and weight, not liable to destruction or variation, easily transferable from hand to hand and from place to place at all times by the bearer or holder like notes or bank notes, and producing besides a constant periodical interest, profits dividend, like Stocks; blending therefore the separate advantages, lucrative and utility of them, Notes, and Stocks; acquiring the value of Stockmoney or Stock-notes, and extending the beneficial results of Savings Bank to all the Divitial Institutions.

This useful invention is of course susceptible of many modifications and applications, whereof the most important, consists in creating a new mode of banking, lending and transferring Joint Stocks, without responsibility to the holders, except the moneyed ones whereby new Companies, Banks, Manufactures and Institutions, may be established with the utmost facility, on improved plans, for any profitable purpose, with or without charters, or only responsible officers as justice requires. It may also be applied to effect all kinds of loans or improvements with speed, facility and economy, by loans or assignments the stocks of which will be individually divisible as all loans, and accessible to all classes of the community.

Patent-rights of this beneficial and profitable invention are now offered for sale by the Patentee, to any private individual, and any mutual or non Company Society, Community, Corporation, Institution, Bank, for one per cent on the amounts invested, which is less than 10th per annum; or for 1-8 per cent for a single year of operation or investment; and thereaf